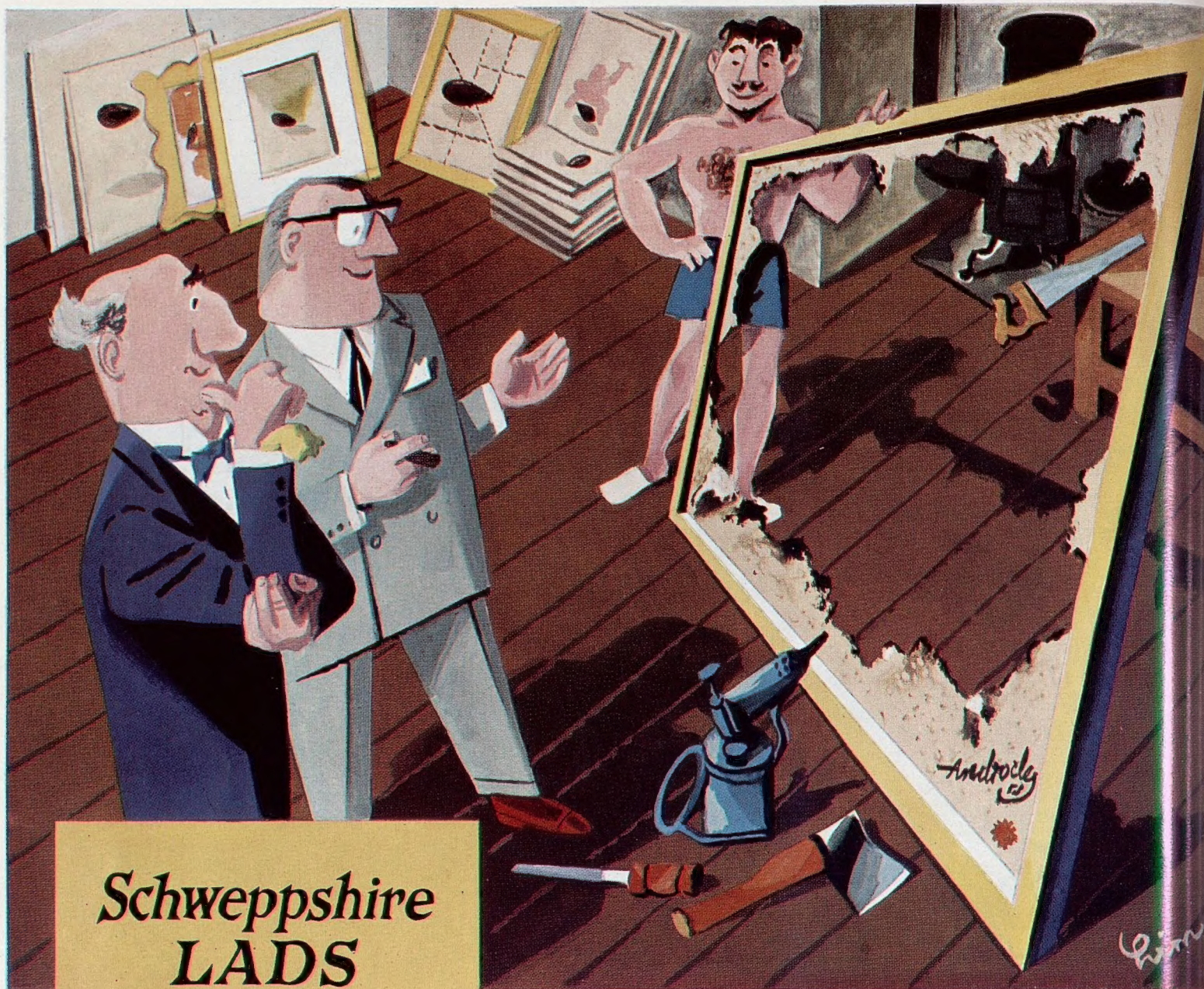


The TATLER

JULY 16, 1958

8 BYSTANDER — (2/-)





Schweppshire LADS

ANDROCLES SMALL

SMALL had always been a dedicated artist. But although he himself realised, more than anybody, how tremendously dedicated he was, as an artist, this fact never made him particularly happy to be one. He was a natural rebel of course, but having been b.1911 he came of age at a time when it was becoming increasingly difficult to find things to be rebellious about. To Androcles the kitchen sink style was practically indistinguishable from sheep in snow against a low sun; and even when he was only five the design of the scarf knitted for him by his least favourite aunt was cubist.

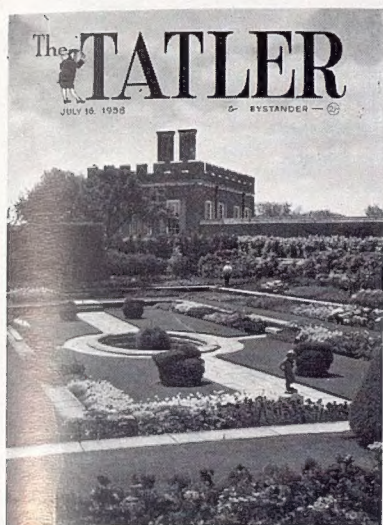
Still he did his best. It was Androcles who introduced fixed mobiles. Androcles who hung his carpets on his walls and turned his pictures into hearth rugs, who made a Memorial Group out of old carburettors, who drove his car over his dust bin and put a gold frame round the result. In his Thick period he represented flat surfaces by a bas-relief of warmed up shepherd's pie. In his Pip period it was Androcles who spent five years really getting to know the apple pip and another five learning where to place it on the canvas. Success came, curiously, when he became overwhelmed with such a hatred of canvas and all the instruments of his trade that he turned First Vacuist and earned final fame and acceptance by destroying his canvas altogether.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him



SCHWEPPERESCENT LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

The House of Lords



DIARY of the week

FROM 17 JULY TO 23 JULY

THURSDAY 17 JULY

Royal Engagement: The Queen gives an afternoon party in the garden of Buckingham Palace.

Parade: The Duke of Gloucester takes the salute at the passing-out parade at Ternhill R.A.F. Station, Shropshire.

FRIDAY 18 JULY

Show: Joint show of the Arab Horse Society and the Saluki Hound Club (and 19th; Saluki Show 19th only) at Richmond, Surrey.

THIS is the last session of the House of Lords for men only. Next time the peers meet they will probably find women life-peers among them. So, as the old House rises for the last time, The TATLER will next week publish a portrait gallery of peers who take their legislative duties seriously

Golf: Semi-Finals of the English County Championships on the Berkshire course, Ascot.

Athletics: Prince Philip opens the Sixth British Empire and Commonwealth Games at Cardiff (to 26th).

SATURDAY 19 JULY

Opera: The season at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, ends with a performance of *The Trojans*, at 6 p.m.

Cricket: Middlesex v. New Zealand at Lord's.

Motor Sport: The R.A.C. British Grand Prix at Silverstone, Northamptonshire.

SUNDAY 20 JULY

Recital: The Conway Ensemble in the Recital Room of the Royal Festival Hall, 7.45 p.m.

Yachting: Race to the Royal Sovereign Lightship, Eastbourne, Sussex.

MONDAY 21 JULY

Royal Engagement: The Queen & Prince Philip receive Air Cadets attending the International Cadet Exchange Conference, at Buckingham Palace.

Horse Show: The Royal International Horse Show at White City (to 26th).

Rowing: Doggett's Coat & Badge Race, River Thames, London.

TUESDAY 22 JULY

Festival: The English Festival of Spoken Poetry (to 25th), Bedford College for Women, Regent's Park.

Racing at Ayr, Folkestone and Leicester.

WEDNESDAY 23 JULY

Royal Premiere: The Duke & Duchess of Gloucester attend the premiere of *Merry Andrew*, Danny Kaye's new film, at the Empire Theatre, Leicester Square, in aid of the Newspaper Press Fund.

Racing at Kempton Park, Lanark and Pontefract.

HARDLY less geometrical than the famous maze, the gay though formal Tudor gardens are part of the charm of Hampton Court. Once a favourite resort of Henry VIII and the first Elizabeth, this palace now houses several grand-favour residents. There is an article about them on page 104

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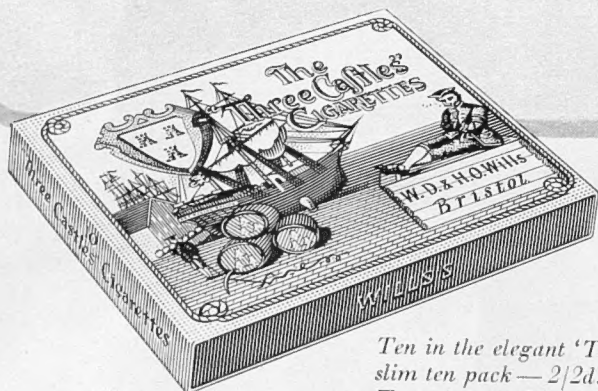
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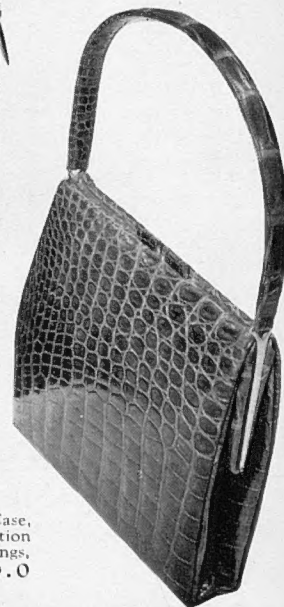
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T.C.38

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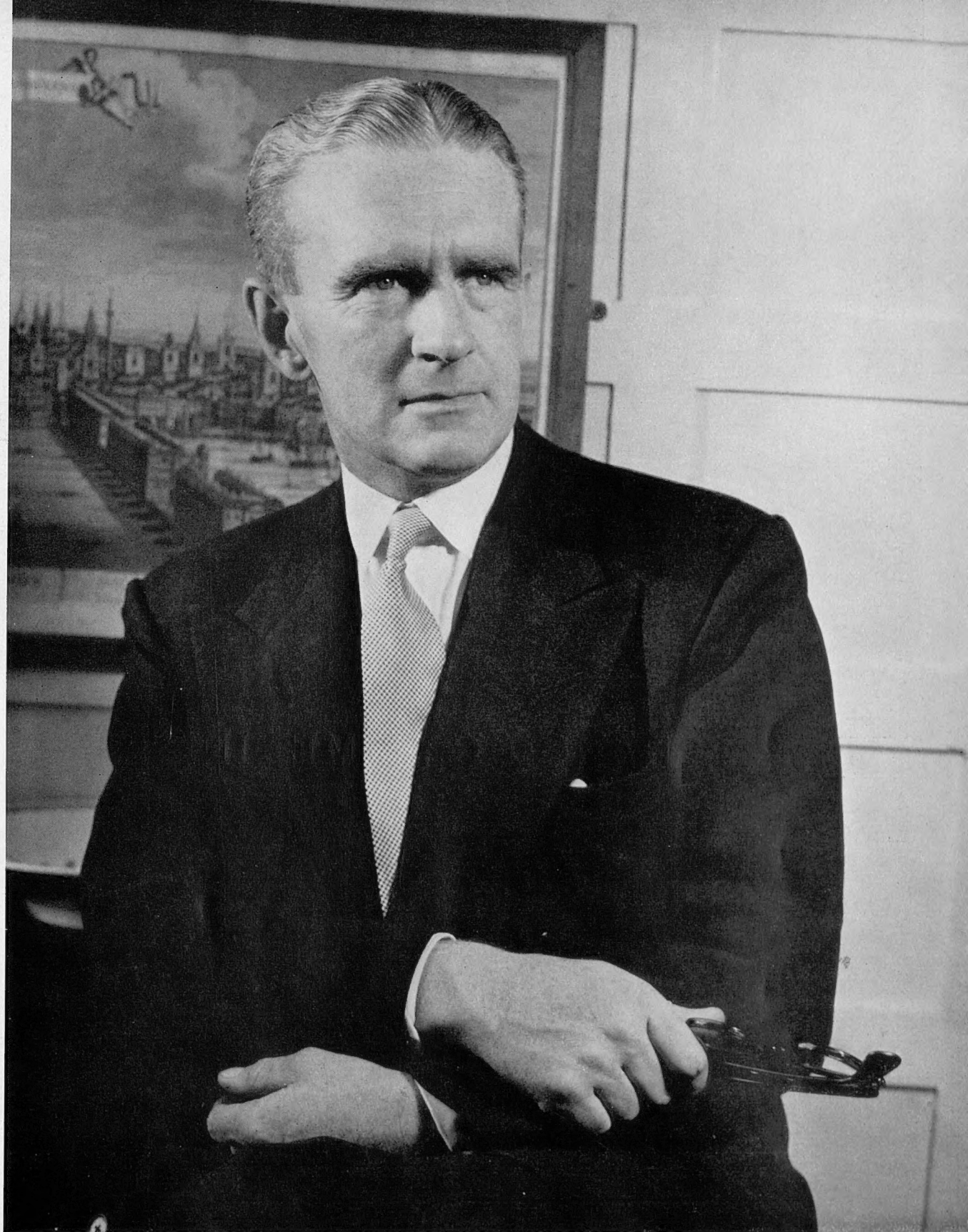
The TATLER

BYSTANDER

CCXXIX. No. 2975

6 July 1958

TWO SHILLINGS



Arts patron, 1958

PERSONALITY

NORMAN RICHARD COLLINS represents the new-style patron of the arts in the Surtax Age. As deputy head of one of the four commercial television companies he announced this month an annual arts subsidy of more than £21,000. The other three firms will make similar allocations, bringing the total to £100,000 and putting the TV firms alongside the Arts Council, the Ministry of Works and some of the big industrial combines as arts benefactors. The money will go to such artistic causes as the Cheltenham and Aldeburgh Festivals, the Friends of the Tate Gallery, and the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.

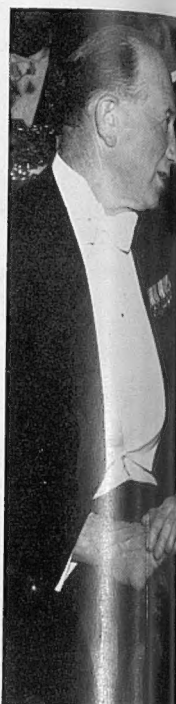
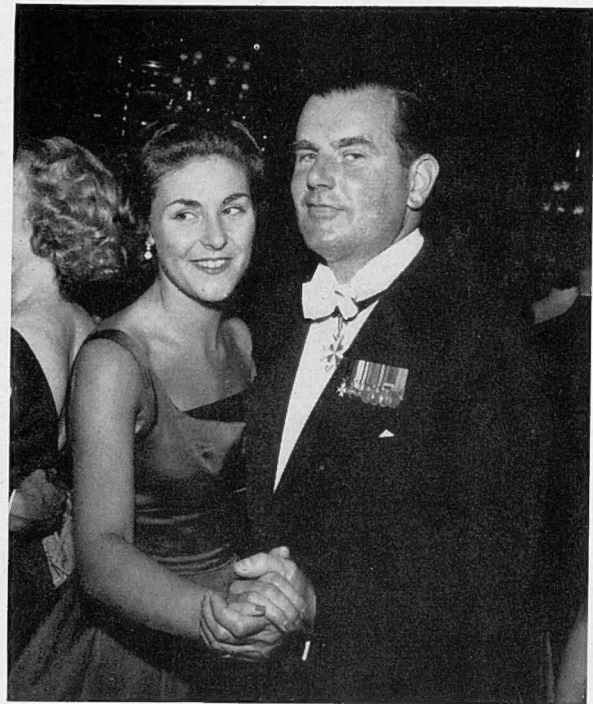
So far as Mr. Collins is concerned his good-

will towards the arts is of long standing. He is a distinguished novelist himself (*London Belongs To Me*), an amateur painter, and a collector of paintings. He is also a director of the English Stage Society, the Watergate Theatre, and the Orchestral Concert Society.

Mr. Collins, who is 50, got into TV via publishing (in which he began his career) and radio. He became first Controller of the B.B.C. Light programme, and later head of B.B.C. Television. He joined ITV in its early days. Mr. Collins is in demand as a witty after-dinner speaker. He is married and has three children. His home is a Hampstead house designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens.



THE VICTORIA LEAGUE, which works to further friendship and go among the people of the British Commonwealth, held a ball at the Dorchester. First picture: The Duchess of Gloucester (right) with Mrs. John Wyndham, chairman of the ball, and Sir Cuthbert Ackroyd, chairman of the League. Second picture:



DANCING TIME IN THE WEST END



Mr. Christopher Hunt, who is in the Rifle Brigade, and Miss Jane Durant



Mr. Alan Mackintosh and Miss Sally Croker-Poole. She lives in Hertfordshire



Miss Margaret Hamilton and Mr. Michael Radford



A. V. Swaabe
The Hon. Marilyn Kearley, daughter of Viscount Devonport, with Mr. Anthony Gage



Miss Diane Kirk (she is a débutante this year), with Mr. Pierre Sciume



Mr. W. Quilter and Miss Rosamund Coldstream, daughter of Sir George Coldstream

Countess of Guilford and Major Clive Bossom. *Third picture:* Prince de Chimay with the Countess of Midleton, a vice-president of the ball. *Fourth picture:* Miss Philomena Samuel, a law student from Malaya (she presented a bouquet to the Duchess of Gloucester), with Sir John Marriott, a vice-president of the ball



Desmond O'Neill

The Victoria League at the Dorchester Lady Handlip in Hamilton Terrace

LADY HANDLIP gave a cocktail dance for her daughter, the Hon. Penelope Allsopp, at the Hamilton-Terrace home of Mrs. K. Blythe (she is the godmother of the Hon. Penelope). A Caribbean steel band played for dancing. Below: The Hon. Penelope Allsopp (right) with her younger sister, the Hon. Elizabeth



Family treasures

(‘but rather difficult’)

by FRANCIS KINSMAN

There are many kinds of treasure, but the kind that I am going to sing about is human——

Sometimes it's a miserable old man, and sometimes it's a miserable old woman.

These people have complete control over your souls, eyes, hands, feet, and ears

For absolutely no other reason except that they've been with you for years and years and years.

So you think you own a garden, do you? Well, tell me, did your gardener ever give you beans out of it before they were eighteen inches long and tasted of wire wool?

And what with the apples and the dahlias and the daffodils you aren't allowed to pick, and the carrots you aren't allowed to pull,

(Because the wireworms will get in the holes, or something), don't you think that your garden, though a lovesome thing, is also pretty much of a dead loss?

And talking of which, when are you going to stop trying to fool yourself that you're the boss?

Gamekeepers, too——

Either the birds are too old and too few,

Or, though there are so many that you have to beat them off with a stick like flies when you go for a walk, they are a late hatch,

And in either case, a suggestion that it might be possible to shoot them will be met with bared teeth and eyebrows to match.

Cooks and housemaids and women-who-come-in-and-oblige

Have a similar technique, but in a more advanced and subtle stage.

And they also lose things and smash things and burn holes in things, and talk, talk, talk, talk all the day long.

It may be their varicose veins or the milkman or their daughter-in-law, but whatever it is, it is wrong.

We are not mice—let us arise and overthrow our tyrants. Our stance is firm and our ranks are serried.

Let us resolve at the outset that this kind of treasure is better buried!



Boulton—Firestone

Miss Catherine Boulton, daughter of the Provost of Guildford, the Very Rev. W. Boulton, & Mrs. Boulton, Castle Gate, Guildford, married Mr. Anthony Brooks Firestone, son of Mr. L. K. Firestone, president of the Firestone Tyre & Rubber Co. of California, & Mrs. Firestone, of Beverly Hills, California, at Guildford pro-Cathedral



Landon—Tiarks

Miss Gabriel Pamela Tiarks, daughter of Mr. P. F. Tiarks, Melplash Court, Bridport, and of Mrs. Rufus Clarke, Egerton Place, London, married Mr. Anthony Julian Landon, eldest son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. L. H. Landon, of Celle St. Cloud, France, at St. Mary's, Cadogan Square



Kelly—Barry

Miss Rosemary Ann Barry, daughter of the Bishop of Southwell & Mrs. F. R. Barry, Bishop's Manor, Southwell, married Mr. William Neil Kelly, elder son of Dr. G. Kelly, honorary physician to the Queen, & Mrs. Kelly, of Long Ashton, Somerset, at Westminster Abbey



Tulloch—Clive-Ponsonby-Fane

Miss Georgiana Clive-Ponsonby-Fane, eldest daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Clive-Ponsonby-Fane, Brympton d'Evercy, Yeovil, married Mr. William Tulloch, elder son of Major-Gen. & Mrs. D. D. C. Tulloch, Rushall House, Upavon, at St. Andrew's, Brympton



Suckling—Howard

Miss Elizabeth Helen Howard, younger daughter of Sir Algar & the Hon. Lady Howard, married Mr. Harold William Norman Suckling, elder son of the late Lt.-Col. J. C. Walker, & of Mrs. Suckling, Roos Hall, Beccles, at St. Mary's, Thornbury



Pollen—Barry

Miss Patricia Helen Barry, daughter of Lt.-Col. & Lady Margaret Barry, The Warren, Great Witchingham, Norfolk, married Mr. Peregrine Pollen, son of Capt. & Mrs. W. M. H. Pollen, Norton Hall, Mickleton, Glos, at St. James's, Piccadilly

SOCIAL JOURNAL

Young Mr. Harrison entertains

by JENNIFER

THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, wearing a diamond tiara with a pale orchid mauve dress, attended the Victoria League Ball pictures on pages 96-97) at the Dorchester and during the evening drew the lucky prize numbers. The big ballroom was packed and guests not only enjoyed dinner and dancing, but also a cabaret given by Barbara Leigh, an attractive young Australian singer, and Noel Harrison (son of Rex Harrison) who sang Continental songs and cumbos, accompanying himself on a guitar. The beautiful Mrs. John Wyndham was chairman of the ball this year and received the Duchess of Gloucester with Sir Cuthbert Ackroyd, chairman of the Victoria League—which does wonderful work for students and other visitors from the Commonwealth—and Lady Ackroyd.

Also present were Mr. John Wyndham, the Lord Chancellor & Countess Kilmuir (who arranged the cabaret), Mary Duchess of Edinburgh (a former chairman of the ball), the High Commissioner for Malaya & Tunku Mainunah, the High Commissioner for Rhodesia & Nyasaland with Lady Rennie, Alexandra Lady Worsley, a keen supporter of the League for many years, Sir Ivison & Lady Macadam, and Maj.-Gen. Sir John & Lady Marriott. Also: Lady Bird, who sponsored the raffle, the Earl & Countess of Guilford who brought a party, Mr. Adrian & Lady Mary Bailey, Mr. Henry Hodson and Mr. & Mrs. Alan Campbell-Johnson (in Lady Macadam's party), Mr. Christopher Hodson, who was helping with the arrangements, and Col. Edward Clarke, the able secretary of the Victoria League and the ball. He might more aptly have been described as the "officer commanding" so crisp were his instructions!

Dinner for Canadian women

Countess Alexander of Tunis, elegant in black, and wearing her orders and decorations, received the guests at the annual dinner of the Canadian Women's Club at the Savoy. Lady Alexander is president of the club and receiving with her were Mrs. George Drew, the chic and attractive wife of the Canadian High Commissioner and vice-president of the club, the chairman Mrs. R. A. McMullen, wife of the Agent-General for Alberta, and Mrs. J. W. Dunn, chairman of the ball. There were nearly 200 present for dinner and to hear some good speeches. These began with an amusing one by Joyce Grenfell, who proposed the toast to Canada which she has often visited, having been over there again recently. The reply was made by Miss Byrne Hope Sanders, well-known business woman and author of three books, whose poetic opening remarks developed into a high-powered oration on Canada and the outlook of youth in that great Dominion. Lady Alexander proposed "The Guests," a few of whom she mentioned personally, and the Hon. Lady Eccles, wife of the President of the Board of Trade, made an excellent speech in reply.

Others I saw at the dinner included: the Dowager Countess of Bessborough and Susan Lady Tweedsmuir, whose late husbands were both former Governors of Canada, the Countess of Home, wife of the Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, Lady Harrison, wife of the High Commissioner for Australia, Mrs. Armstrong, wife of the Agent-General for Ontario, and Lady Truscott, wife of the Lord Mayor who, like Mr. George Drew, Sir David Eccles and many of the other husbands, was attending the Canada Club dinner for men only on the floor above.



The Royal Windsor Rose Show

THE ROYAL WINDSOR ROSE & HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY held its 54th annual show in the grounds of Windsor Castle. Awards for the various classes were presented by Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, seen above with Mr. F. E. Bullen, from Wokingham



Left: Lady Freyberg was an exhibitor at the show. She is the wife of Lt.-Gen. Lord Freyberg, V.C., Lieutenant-Governor of Windsor Castle. Right: Mrs. J. W. Whitlock and Mrs. J. E. Hathaway



Van Hallen

Left to right: Lord Boston, Colonel Vigor, with his mother Mrs. E. Vigor, and his wife Mrs. J. Vigor, and Lady Boston



Lord Leigh and Lord Rathdonnell. They were two of the Grand Ring stewards



Lady Allerton judged a hunter class. With her is Major Philip Pease, a steward



Miss Virginia Booth-Jones, one of the prize winners, with "Mona Lisa"

Col. H. C. W. Bowing and Capt. T. N. Catlow



The Queen Mother talked to the show's director Mr. W. A. Benson (left)



Mr. & Mrs. von Dadelszen. They are from Hawkes Bay, New Zealand



I also met the Dowager Countess of Lucan talking to Mrs. William Hendrie who has been a member of the club for a number of years, Mrs. Ronald Cumming, Mrs. Rodgeron who has been over here for two years and helped a lot with organizing the dinner, and Mrs. Wilkinson, wife of the Bishop of Toronto. Other Canadian Bishops' wives present included Mrs. H. D. Martin from Saskatchewan, Mrs. W. L. Wright from Algoma, Mrs. W. E. Bagnell from Niagara and Mrs. Norris from Brandon. Also present were Mrs. George McCullagh from Toronto, Mrs. Stephen Robinson, Mrs. J. E. Jackson, Mrs. W. L. Wright and Mrs. F. H. Barlow.

From here I went on to the cocktail-dance which Lady Hindlip was giving for her débutante daughter the Hon. Penelope Allsopp, who wore a short white dress. This was in a charming house in Hamilton Terrace which had been kindly lent by Mrs. S. Blythe, whose daughter is one of Penelope's godmothers. Lord Hindlip was there and only a sprinkling of older guests, among them Penelope's uncles and aunts, Sir Rupert & the Hon. Lady Hardy and the Hon. Michael & Mrs. Portman. Dancing took place to a steel band and happily it cleared up enough for the younger guests to stroll under the floodlit apple trees in the little garden.

A party in a room of mirrors

I went to a reception which the Venezuelan Ambassador and Mme. Dagnino gave at the Dorchester to celebrate Venezuelan Independence Day. The host and hostess are a charming couple and have made many friends since they came here. Their pretty daughter, Mme. Carlos Salinas, was helping them entertain their friends. At the party, which took place in the big mirror-walled ballroom in which there is plenty of space to move about and greet friends, were many members of the Diplomatic Corps and of both Houses of Parliament. Friends I met included the Peruvian Ambassador and his tall and beautiful wife Mme. Rivera Schreiber, the Dominican Ambassador & Mme. Thomén talking to Commander Alan Noble, the Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, and Mrs. Noble, Violet Viscountess Allendale, Mme. Bianchi and her aunt Mme. Capriles, Rafaelle Duchess of Leinster, Mr. & Mrs. Patrick Stirling and Lady Illingworth. Also the Hon. Thomas & Mrs. Hazlerigg, Mr. & Mrs. Terence Maxwell and their daughter Valerie, Mr. & Mrs. Anthony Kershaw, Dr. & Mrs. Leonard Simpson, Mr. & Mrs. Lionel Cecil and the Hon. Edmund Ironside whose wife was at Frinton.

Amateur flyers at Deauville (pictures, page 109)

Only about 80 aeroplanes, instead of the expected 100-plus, were able to get through low cloud and bad visibility, for the Royal Aero Club's Air Rally at Deauville. Col. "Mossy" Preston, the director-general of the club, spent a busy day, for some planes did not arrive until late in the afternoon. Thanks to the generosity of M. François André this is always an amusing event, and flyers from all parts of Britain and a few from other countries try to attend. During the weekend there is also a golf match, in which members of the British club play members of the French Aero Club, and both evenings there are galas at the Casino.

Among the early arrivals were Sir Frederick Handley Page and Air-Commodore Warburton, who came on a test flight in a new Handley Page Herald. This is a 42-seater and only needs 600 yards to take off and land. Also prompt to touch-down were Mr. Kenneth Davies, the former chairman of the Royal Aero Club, and Mrs. Davies, Monsieur Jacques Allez of the French Aero Club, Mrs. "Mossy" Preston, and Air Commodore Charles Lockett, British Attaché in Paris, who flew in a Chipmunk. Mrs. Lockett was there too. Mr. John Grierson of de Havilland's, a pioneer of Arctic flying, came with his wife in a Proctor. One of the best amateur pilots, Mr. John Houlder, flew a party of friends, including Mr. Tony Everard, in his Miles Gemini. I noticed they were among the many visitors who bathed in the sea each day.

Several members had come on from La Baule where Mme. André, who owns the big hotel there, entertains members for a rally each year. Among these were Mr. David Constable Maxwell and his cousin Mrs. Costello, Major & Mrs. Pelham Reid who farm in Bedfordshire, specializing in Landrace pigs (before La Baule they had done a short trip to the Mediterranean in their Auster), and Mr. & Mrs. J. Dykes who had also been down to the Mediterranean, landing in Italy, Sicily and Tunisia in their Proctor before flying to La Baule and Deauville. Sir John Ferguson, the chief constable of Kent, and Lady Ferguson came in a charter plane with a party of friends. So did Mr. T. F. Mitchell, who captained the golf team, Mr. & Mrs. Dorie Bosson, Mr. Ted Lucas, Mr. K. L. Steele, the chief constable of Somerset, the Hon. Victor & Mrs. Agar Robartes and Mr. & Mrs. de Pinto.

Mr. John & the Hon. Mrs. Hogg brought Mr. & Mrs. Blakesley over in their Messenger, Mr. C. Spencer Thomas and his wife came

The Royal Show goes to Bristol

The "Royal," run by the Royal Agricultural Society of England, is one of the biggest shows in the world. Exhibits cover everything to do with farming and forestry. This year the show, held at Bristol, was visited by the Queen Mother, but bad weather kept many people away.

Those I saw helping to run this great event included the indefatigable hon. director, Mr. W. A. Benson (who lives at Newbrough Hall, Hexham), Sir Walter Burrell one of the stewards of the cattle, Lord Hazlerigg, a grandstand steward, and his brother the Hon. Robert Hazlerigg who was in charge of the Flower Show; Lord Leigh, Major Philip Pease, Lord Rathdonnell and the Hon. R. J. Palmer, stewards in the grand ring; Sir Peter Greenwell, down from Suffolk, and the Hon. Edward Digby, stewarding the implement section; Lady Joan Birkbeck, helping the Earl & Countess of Denbigh and several others with the overseas section; and Lord Digby who was in charge of the Royal Pavilion and Royal Box.

The Duchess of Beaufort (the Duke is president of the society, and of the show this year) made a big contribution by staging a magnificent pageant, "A Country Market and Fair, and Meet of the Beaufort Hunt 1840" (picture on right). This was superbly done with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds—many of whose ancestors date back to the pack in the days when the ancestors of the Duke lived at Raglan Castle, destroyed by Cromwell in 1646. Among hunting friends who supported the Duchess of Beaufort (she rode in the event herself as the Marchioness of Worcester) in the hunt sequence were Major Gerald Gundry, the joint-master, Col. "Babe" Moseley, Mrs. Geoffrey Bishop, the Hon. Mrs. Henry Allsopp and a great many more.

Among others I saw at the show were Lord Cornwallis and Mr. Antony Hurd, M.P. (both vice-presidents of the society) and their wives, Lord Buckinghamshire who was just off to Brazil, Lady Denny, Mrs. Billy Benson, who helps her husband a lot during the show, Mrs. "Mike" Ansell, Lady Anne Cowdray, Sir Rhys Ilewili, Miss Ann Townsend, whom I saw do well in a jumping competition, Admiral Sir Arthur Bromley, Lady Violet Vernon, Miss Brigit Holmesà Court, Mr. Sam Marsh who judged the coaching machine, and Mr. Sam Hordern, president of the Royal Show of Sydney, who had flown over from Australia for three weeks.



P. C. Palmer

Gemini; Sir William Garthwaite flew a Proctor; Mr. & Mrs. [unclear] and other members of the Cambridge Aero Club came in a [unclear] Q6; Mr. & Mrs. V. H. Bellamy of the Hampshire Aero Club and [unclear] Castleigh were with a party of 16 in a D.H.86; Mr. & Mrs. E. [unclear] and members of the Portsmouth club had a Miles Aries; and Mr. L. H. Riddell and three passengers came in a Rapide from [unclear]shire. Major Henry Presland, who told me he has piloted a plane for 32 years, and his wife came in their Auster; also his brother, Wing Commander Reginald Presland, who flew another Auster.

The two members who had made the longest journey were young Mr. Robin Halse and his brother, who had heard of this rally in South Africa, where they live. They are members of a flying club there, and decided to fly their Piper Tri-pacer over to Europe in time for the Rally, then to make a tour of Europe and fly home. They

won the landing prize, and I heard that they hope to come another year.

Lunch before the volleys

At Wimbledon where the All-England Club Lawn Tennis championships suffered so badly from rain, the Duchess of Kent, president of the meeting and a very keen spectator, saw each day's play from the Royal Box. The Duke of Devonshire, one of the vice-presidents, was also frequently present. Lunching in the Members' I saw the Portuguese Ambassador with Viscount Templewood, another vice-president, who as Sir Samuel Hoare was a well-known lawn tennis player, and Dr. Gregory, the chairman. The Earl & Countess of Ronaldshay had a luncheon party one of the days I was there, as did Viscount Rothermere, who had his son-in-law and daughter, the Earl & Countess of Cromer, and Mrs. Satterthwaite among his guests. Lord & Lady Strathallmond were lunching with Mr. & Mrs. "Buster" Andrews whose other guests included Lady Godber, Mr. Brian Martineau, Mr. Derek Drayson, and Mr. & Mrs. Esmond Durlacher. Also lunching in the Members' were Sir John & Lady Smyth, the Hon. Mrs. Langton Iliffe, Mr. & Mrs. Malcolm McAlpine, Mr. & Mrs. Gerald Pinckney, Mr. Nigel Sharpe and the Hon. Mrs. Glover.

The championship ended this year with the Australian player Ashley Cooper as men's champion, and Miss Althea Gibson ladies' champion, for the second year running, after defeating the British girl Miss Angela Mortimer in the final. The most exciting match of the championship was undoubtedly that in which the British player R. K. Wilson only lost to the champion Ashley Cooper 5-7 in the fifth set in the quarter finals on court No. 1. Another match I found great pleasure in watching was the semi-final in which Ashley Cooper beat his fellow countryman N. A. Fraser, after a fast game of the highest standard.

Royal Box spectators

Those watching the play from the Royal Box during the final days included Earl & Countess Woolton, Sir Harold & Lady Zia Wernher, Lord & Lady Luke, Countess Jowitt, Lady Greig, Lord & Lady Tryon, and Sir Alexander & Lady Ingleby Mackenzie. Also watching the tennis on the centre court were the Marquess & Marchioness of Abergavenny, Lady Lyle, the Dowager Lady



COMING-OUT.—Miss Annabella Osborne (with her brother Christopher) had a coming-out dance given for her by her parents, Mr. & Mrs. W. E. Osborne, of St. George's Hill, Weybridge

Robert Broom

Swaythling, Sir Adrian Jarvis, Mrs. Denis Russell, Mrs. Catherine Bray, Countess St. Aldwyn, Mr. & Mrs. Norman Joseph, Miss Evie Prebensen, daughter of the Norwegian Ambassador, and her pretty cousin Miss Sigrid Lund, who has been studying at the House of Citizenship, Miss Sarah Norman and her brother Jeremy, and the Hon. Katharine Smith with Lady Mary Bailey.

I looked in for a short time at the Midsummer Ball arranged by the English Speaking Union at their headquarters Dartmouth House, in Charles Street. This fine house with its small paved garden makes a lovely setting for a dance, and I found about 200 guests thoroughly enjoying the evening. Before supper a cabaret was given by two clever artistes in the garden, where people sat out and watched, while others looked on from the picturesque wrought-iron railed balconies all round—happily it was a warm, fine evening. Lady Hall and Mrs. Rex Benson, whom I saw looking attractive at one of the candlelit supper tables with her husband and a party, were joint-chairmen of this good ball. Col. Rex Benson, who was knighted in the Birthday Honours, is deputy chairman of the E.S.U. and the honorary treasurer.

I also saw Air Chief Marshal Sir Francis Fogarty, the Director-General, and Lady Fogarty who was in light blue satin, Mme. Boissevain and her son and daughter-in-law, Lady Emily Lutyens, Mr. Charles Doughty who was in a party, and Sir Stuart Mallinson just back from Holland. He brought a party of six.

Three outdoor diplomatic parties

It was a busy evening when the American Ambassador and Mrs. John Hay Whitney gave a reception at the U.S. Embassy in Regent's Park, the Philippines Ambassador and Mme. Guerrero had a party at their charming Embassy in Palace Green (both to celebrate the Independence Days of their country), and the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa gave a *braai*—barbecue—in the gardens of The Holme, Regent's Park. Wingfield House, formerly the home of American Mme. von Cramm (Miss Barbara Hutton) with its acres of undulating lawns, where a band played during the reception, makes a wonderful setting for a party and Mr. & Mrs. Whitney had arranged everything beautifully, with covered ways to two large marquees in case of rain. Happily it was a fine evening.

Some 3,000 guests filed through the house and shook hands with their host and hostess who had a word of welcome for everyone. Beyond them waited a line of attachés and others working in the U.S. Embassy, ready to take guests to have tea or a drink. My escort was Capt. Bradley Bennett of the U.S. Navy, who has been an Assistant Naval Attaché here for several months.

That delightful young couple M. & Mme. Guerrero, both gay figures in their attractive national costumes, were also able to use the small garden of their Embassy. At both parties were many ambassadors and their wives, members of both Houses of Parliament, Americans and Filipinos living in London, and other friends. Among these I met the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, relaxing for a short time from his arduous duties, the Secretary of State for Air the Hon. George Ward, the Doyen of the Diplomatic Corps the Norwegian Ambassador, and Mme. Prebensen, who looked charming in a white dress with touches of blue, the French Ambassador, the Venezuelan Ambassador and his daughter Mme. Carlos Salinas, the Canadian High Commissioner & Mrs. Drew, the Princess of Berar, Sir Harry Brittain, Sir Alfred Bosson, Raffeale Duchess of Leinster, and Major & Mrs. Edward Christie Miller.

At the High Commissioner & Mrs. Holloway's *braai* (an original party to give in this country) a display of folk dancing was given by South African Volkspellers, picturesque in their national costumes. Sixty of these dancers were chosen by the South Africa Council of Folk Dance and Folk Song to visit Israel, Greece, Austria, Belgium, Germany and Great Britain. In London they gave a display last week at the Albert Hall with teams from England, Scotland, Belgium, Denmark, Germany, Holland and Sweden.

Polo stars at Cardiff

During the Empire Games Week in Cardiff, 18-26 July, Prince Philip will play in a polo match at Llandaff Fields on 23 July in aid of the Empire Games Appeal Fund. A Cowdray Park team which will include Prince Philip and Rao Rajah Hanut Singh, Lt.-Col. John Lakin and Lt.-Col. Peter Dollar will play a Cirencester Park team consisting of the Hon. George Bathurst, the fine Argentine player Mr. Wyndham Lacey, Prem. Singh and Mr. T. McConnel, so it should be a good game indeed.



John Deakin

SUCCESS In the footsteps of Evelyn Waugh, Graham Greene, Robert Graves and James Hilton, here is the latest writer to win Britain's major literary award, the Hawthornden Prize. He is a 19-year-old Indian undergraduate at Oxford, Dom Moraes. He receives the prize—unawarded for 14 years—for his first book of poems, *A Beginning*

SUMMIT Leader of the British-Pakistani expedition which successfully climbed the 25,550 ft. Himalayan peak Rakaposhi, was Captain Mike Banks (*below*). With Surgeon-Lieutenant Tom Patey, he reached the peak in a blizzard. Six previous expeditions had failed. Captain Banks commands the Cliff Assault Wing at 42 Commando, R.M.





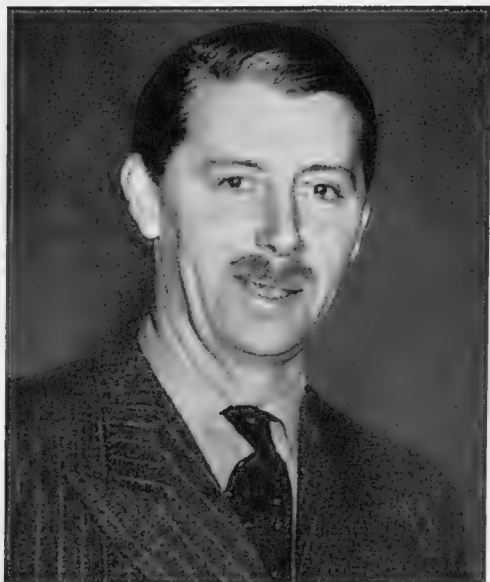
NEWS PORTRAITS



Felix H. Man

HENRY MOORE HAS A 60TH BIRTHDAY

Henry Moore will be 60 this month. The Yorkshire-born sculptor is shown with a half-size model of *Reclining Figure*, which he is executing for the new U.N.E.S.C.O. building in Paris (Picasso has just completed a mural for this). Moore's influence is largely responsible for the high reputation of British sculpture today, the latest example of which is the success of another Yorkshireman, Kenneth Armitage, who won a prize for sculpture at the Venice Biennale this year. Henry Moore was honoured with a doctorate at Harvard last month

**LORD TRYON**

He is responsible, subject to the Queen's approval, for allotting these residences

**PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE**

She lived, until her death last year, in the strangest of all grace-and-favour homes

**LUDOVIC KENNEDY**

His father went down in the Rawalpindi. His mother now lives at Hampton Court, in a suite given her by the late King

GRACE AND FAVOUR

AN ACCOUNT OF THE NATION'S MOST EXCLUSIVE HOMES, WHERE THEY ARE, WHO LIVES THERE, & THE BENEFITS

by David Stone

OF ALL the privileges which the Queen can confer on her loyal subjects, few have the charm, the exclusiveness and the usefulness of grace-and-favour residences. For here in one delightful package is Royal approval, elegant accommodation, a fashionable address—and no rent to pay. A grace-and-favour house or apartment confers all the advantages—strong even in these democratic times—of living in a palace, with none of the contemporary snags of enormous upkeep and constant depreciation.

The phrase "grace and favour" comes from a term in the lease under which the tenant accepts the place from the Queen. He holds it by her grace and favour. And, though a man may live in one all his life, it can always be taken back at the Queen's request.

Technically, this is true whether the tenant is the Duchess of Kent, who has an apartment in Kensington Palace, or Mrs. E. C. Kennedy (Ludovic Kennedy's mother), who has a ground-floor suite at Hampton

Court. This was given to her by King George VI as a tribute to her late husband, who was the captain of the armed merchant-cruiser *Rawalpindi*.

There is no specific historical origin for grace-and-favour residences. It was in George III's reign that the custom of conferring them became more widespread, and by the time Queen Victoria died, grace-and-favour dwellings were a recognized means of Royal approval. How many are there now? No one knows exactly. Estimates range from a total of over a 100 to something like 60. But most of the residences are attached to four Royal palaces: St. James's, Kensington, Windsor Castle, and Hampton Court. King George VI's old nanny did have a cottage on the Sandringham estate, but this was an isolated example.

Each home automatically confers certain privileges. Though the occupant pays no rent, any other costs, such as rates, light, gas, telephones, heating, servants, have to be paid for. No paying guests may be taken, and there are strict rules about repairs and alterations.

At Windsor Castle the occupants have the privilege of being allowed to use the gardens when the Queen is not there. And the grace-and-favour tenants at Kensington Palace have private keys to Kensington Gardens, so they can walk there when they choose and needn't be turned out at dusk.

There are about 20 grace-and-favour residences in the precincts of St. James's Palace, and these are primarily occupied by members of the Royal Household, and go with their jobs.

Sir Michael Adeane, the Queen's Private Secretary, has an apartment there, and his Assistant, Sir Edward Ford, lives in a modernized apartment in Stable Yard, in the rooms formerly occupied by Sir Alan Lascelles, who was Private Secretary to the Queen.

Another is occupied by Mr. Alfred Galpin, who is Secretary to the Lord Chamberlain's department. The Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Searbrough, himself lives there, and on the ground floor, facing Friary Court, Mr.

**SIR EDWARD FORD**

As Assistant Private Secretary to the Queen he lives at St. James's. The picture was taken when he held the same post to the late King



ST. JAMES'S PALACE, familiar to thousands who inspected the Royal wedding presents there. It has about 20 grace-and-favour residences. This artist's impression is of the Pall Mall entrance

house, it is now occupied by Sir Dermot Kavanagh, a former Crown Equerry.

There are several other buildings throughout the country that are, or could be, grace-and-favour residences. There is one in Hampstead for example, in Ingram Avenue. Called King's House, it was bought last year by the Royal Warrant-Holders' Association. It replaced the former King's House at Walton-on-Thames, which the Association presented to King George V in his jubilee year, "to be at the disposal of the Sovereign for the accommodation of any person whom he might think worthy because of service to the country." This first house was sold in 1955 as its upkeep was too expensive, and the Hampstead property bought instead. Its present occupier is General Sir John Crocker, Adjutant-General to the Forces, 1950-3.

One of the strangest grace-and-favour dwellings in London is in Fitzmaurice Place, on the fourth floor of a modern block occupied by the Ministry of Education. It was intended as a second home for the Royal Family during World War Two if Buckingham Palace were bombed. Then it became Princess Marie Louise's home until her death last year. It is not likely to be used as a private residence again.

The first Scots grace-and-favour house was presented to the Queen only recently. The gift of the Lord Provosts of Perth, Glasgow and Aberdeen, it is a small house in Moray Street, Edinburgh. The first tenant is Dr. Charles Warr, Dean of the Thistle and of the Chapel Royal in Scotland.

Not all the grace-and-favour houses are occupied. Marlborough House, the home of the late Queen Mary, stands empty. No tenant has yet been found for the glorious 18th-century Stud House at Hampton Court, nor for the King's Cottage at Kew Green.

But it is no good anyone evicted by the Rent Act applying to Lord Tryon, the Queen's Treasurer. He is the man responsible for allocating the leases of grace-and-favour residences. But these are virtually the only form of accommodation left in Britain to which neither money nor a high place on the housing list can gain entry. For the Queen's final approval is necessary in every case.

iver Millar, the Surveyor of the Queen's estates, has a flat.

It is not only the higher officials who have such residences. Marlborough House Mews has been turned into eight grace-and-favour flats for members of the Royal staff. And that one-storey house which stands by the gateway from Pall Mall to the Mall is also a grace-and-favour residence, given to the gatekeeper.

The principal Royal occupant at Kensington Palace is the Duchess of Kent, who has a 20-room apartment there. Her neighbours are Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and Commander Sir Dudley Colles, who is Deputy Treasurer to the Queen, and lives in Wren House there.

Brigadier Ivan de la Bere, Secretary to the Central Chancery of the Orders of Knighthood, lives in Nottingham Cottage, to the north of the palace. One of the most celebrated tenants of this cottage was the Royal governess remembered by newspaper readers as "Crawfie." She was living with her husband in the cottage when she wrote her controversial memoirs.

In nearby Kent Cottage lives Miss H. L. Gardiner, Chief Clerk in Sir Michael Adeane's office. In the 26-acre grounds, there is also a small block of flats for the Queen's domestic staff. Both her steward and her page live there. All these are examples of accommodation that goes with a job, like tied cottages.

At Hampton Court are some of the other

types of grace-and-favour tenants: people whose husbands have given their country good service, or who have won Royal approval in other ways. Besides Mrs. Kennedy there is Lady Baden-Powell, widow of the Boy Scouts founder. The 82-year-old Grand Duchess Xenia of Russia has Wilderness House, granted her by Edward VIII. She lives there with her grandson, Prince Alexander Romanoff, a great-nephew of the last Czar.

One of Windsor Castle's most celebrated tenants was Group Captain Townsend. For ten years he lived in Adelaide House in the castle's grounds. A substantial country

KENSINGTON PALACE, besides its staterooms, has several grace-and-favour suites. This is the bedroom from which Queen Victoria was called to hear of her accession





Even science has its fashions

The Roundabout commentary this week coincides with a London gathering of scientists to honour Darwinism—once heretical, now orthodox.

It discusses whether laboratory minds are above fads

by L. DUDLEY STAMP

C.B.E., D.S.C., D.I.T., LL.D.

EARLY this year occurred the 200th anniversary of the birth of Dr. Gall, properly described as the father of phrenology. In the heyday of his fame any lecture by this Austrian doctor drew packed audiences—not of cranks and fanatics but of staid, orthodox citizens. Phrenological societies were started in many countries; in the forties and fifties of the last century learned papers in the journals and transactions of these societies laid the foundations for a “science” that was regarded seriously, if not fully accepted scientifically, till almost the outbreak of World War One. Victorian parents who could afford the necessary consultation fees took their children to have “their heads read” as a matter of course.

I well remember at the age of six, over 50 years ago now, being taken by my mother—the appointment having been made weeks beforehand—to the consulting rooms of Stackpool O'Dell who practised (I believe, with his wife as partner) in first-floor rooms on the south-western corner of Ludgate Circus. The examination was thorough. A general medical and health check-up revealed a weedy little boy whose head was then carefully examined and each of 32 qualities assessed by giving marks—sometimes half-marks—out of a maximum of six. The printed booklet gave the meaning of each mark and there followed a summation of character with a general assessment printed, and the special features written in a firm, pointed longhand. I scored $5\frac{1}{2}$ and the future was bright if I survived the physical handicap of childish ill-health. “*Marked literary and artistic abilities: scholastic profession,*” said the summary, with the proviso that mental ambition was likely to outrun physical strength.

It is not too much to say that the consultation shaped both mine and my parents’

lives; to this day I continue to marvel at the accuracy of the diagnosis. Already used to spending a third of my life in bed with recurrent low fevers, already debarred (rightly or wrongly) on medical advice from all sport and outdoor games, there followed a move to the country, high up on the chalk downs of Kent, and a little later to a seaside cottage. A childish collecting instinct was



focused on the fossils of the chalk, and the flora of the dry valleys: so, at the age of eight a life's career had practically been settled.

Incidentally I understand, from confidential information, it was at about the same time that a well-known phrenologist was summoned to Buckingham Palace and gave diagnoses of the three royal children—afterwards to be the Princess Royal, King Edward VIII and George VI. I wonder if the records still exist?

Yet where is phrenology today? There exists still the British Phrenological Society whose members hope that one day once again they may be taken seriously, but in

the meantime it is out of fashion, out of mind. To our generation Freud is what Gall was to our grandparents. A few thousand years ago a certain Pharaoh of Egypt awarded the premiership of the country to an interpreter of dreams. Once again dreams are in fashion and psychiatry is as scientifically orthodox as phrenology once was.

My elder brother, the late Lord Stamp (*a director of the Bank of England*), was a big enough man to scorn public opinion if it happened to run counter to his own considered views, though he rarely paraded his convictions. He remained convinced that one day the scientific basis of phrenology would be found; that, given a racial norm of head or skull shape, there were differences in cranial convolution which could be interpreted in terms of character. It amused him to practise phrenological diagnosis at church fêtes or other charity occasions under the pseudonym of Professor Cranium. He found the work extremely tiring because of the numerous variables he had to assess before making a reading. It was never, he contended, a question of “bumps,” but of a balance of head form.

He occasionally recounted to his intimates the thrill when he once felt under his hands what he was sure must be the head of a great man. It was at a church bazaar; the victim was unknown. He began cautiously: “Unless the fates have been unkind you must have achieved distinction.” He got no encouragement other than a non-committal grunt. But in the head were clearly qualities of leadership, of mental ability, of steadfastness of purpose. At the end of the session the victim revealed his identity, and in that strange way began a life-long friendship with one whose writings have had a world-wide influence: a bishop before the age of 40 and one whose espousal of a great



BRIGGS



by Graham

cause helped to bring about a major revolution in the Christian church.

Later, when my brother was chairman of the L.M.S., he had often to make appointments to high executive positions. Few of those being interviewed knew how carefully their cranial convolutions were being noted even when to touch would clearly have been—well, just not done.

If such revolutions in thought—changes in fashion—can occur on the borderlands of science, are there other similar changes? Undoubtedly there are, and in every branch of science. The story is nearly always the same: the heterodoxy of one generation is the orthodoxy of the next: the orthodoxy of one generation is old-fashioned in the next.

For example, there is no doubt that our ancestors were a dirty lot: that even among the nobility lice and nits in the hair were a commonplace. It would seem that the practice of shaving the head and wearing a powdered wig were the answer until, little more than a century ago, the virtues of soap and water were realized. Certainly our ancestors rarely immersed the whole body in water, whether in a bath-tub or the sea. May we measure national standards of living by numbers of bathrooms per 100 of population. Yet it is high time there was a change of fashion. Nature has provided the human species with a thin protective film of sebum over the delicate skin. This we now thoughtlessly destroy daily—perhaps several times a day—by the use of crude chemicals and powerful solvents. We still tend to equate bodily cleanliness with soap, though modern beauty experts realize the value of using lotions and creams rather than soap and water.

No veteran of the trenches of World War One is likely to forget that minor horror of war—the louse—and the short-lived effort of delousing. Yet the fundamental demonstration, due largely to a great bacteriologist, the late Professor P. A. Leitch, has even now not been fully appreciated. By using substances, in minute quantity, that are toxic to insects and combine with the natural oil of the skin, it is possible to secure complete immunity, provided the protection is not removed by washing. On this basis the primitive (and scientifically erroneous) practice of surgeons washing their hands before an operation is, I understand, slowly beginning to disappear.

Nowhere, of course, do we see such changes in scientific fashion as in the practice of medicine. What may be called the world's most famous medical journal is still *The Lancet*—whose title is a permanent reminder of the past fashion of blood-letting on all possible and impossible occasions. Many changes are of course due to new discoveries such as antibiotics: the daily dressing of wounds in World War One compared with the don't-disturb-it treatment of World War Two, for example. But what of such fashions as appendectomy or tonsillectomy? Medicine indeed hovers between the slavish following of fickle fashion—the use of the latest tranquillizers, for example, and the slavery imposed by utterly out-of-date methods.

Oh, for a Florence Nightingale to bring Florence Nightingale up to date! What could be more stupid than the surviving fashion of indiscriminate washing of patients—and that before six in the morning—or of



HIGH SUMMER

at the Henley regatta

The Thames's most social regatta suggests sunshine, parasols and gay summer fashions. The reality is a British July.

This scene of desolation shows what the rain did to Henley on the first day. But the British are used to holding their outdoor entertainments with mud underfoot, and though the banks never became fit for high heels the regatta went on regardless, as pictures on pages 114-115 record

subjecting them to blasts of unfiltered germ-laden air through the windows? Our whole hospital system is a stronghold of outmoded pseudo-science. The primitive washing is wrong, and the early-waking system is nothing short of criminal, for sleep is nature's prime restorative.

Only a couple of decades ago no self-respecting European ventured into the sun in the tropics without a topce, though we were already laughing at a generation that used spine pads and pugarees as a protection against sunstroke. Now sunstroke does not exist (though heat apoplexy is real enough)—but don't forget your dark glasses. A few

years ago we were reminded by Noël Coward that only mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the noonday sun: see them today, sunbathing as the ship crosses the equator. A fashionable cult at the moment, such sunbathing is probably both enervating and nerve-destroying. It is certainly very tiring.

So the story of fashion in science goes on: each generation so sure that it has the "know-how." The nations of the West even boast of their "export of know-how"—when how little they know. For example in the underdeveloped lands of the tropics methods learned in mid-latitudes are often wrong—as when the pernicious, harm-provoking plough is substituted for the harmless hoe, or clean weeding, which encourages soil erosion.

Let us beware of the dictates of fashion in science.

NEXT WEEK: John Raymond
author of *England's on the Anvil!*

Three coming-out parties



Mrs. Edward Saunders gave a cocktail party at the Swedish Club in London for her son and daughter, Miss Susan Saunders and Mr. Richard Saunders (above)



Miss Rosemary Skinner (she has just returned from a sailing holiday off the west coast of France) and Mr. Edward Kennerley



Mr. Giancarlo de Filippo and Miss Vanna Pauly. They both come from Milan. She is studying English and he is on holiday

Mr. David Marsh (a North Lincs farmer) and Miss Jan Butler



A. V. Swæbe



Mrs. Uvedale Lambert & Mrs. Jock Hunter gave a dance at South Park, Bletchingley, for their daughters, Miss Priscilla Hunter and Miss Sarah Lambert (above)



Mr. George Bathurst-Norman (Magdalen, Oxford), with Miss Virginia Whitaker. She is the daughter of Mrs. T. P. Whitaker

Miss Caroline Hingston, daughter of Mrs. W. S. Hingston, and Mr. Simon Turner. He is in the Irish Guards



Desmond O'Neill



Mrs. Dennis Hill-Wood & Mrs. Charles Hill-Wood gave a dance at Northchurch Farm for their daughters Miss Rachel (above, on right) and Miss Gina Hill-Wood

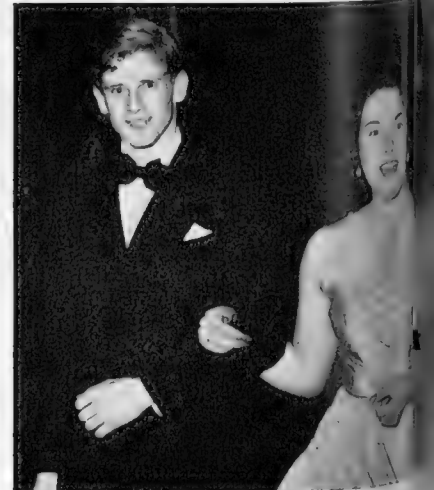


Miss Susan Heywood (she lives in Norfolk) and Mr. John Wood. He has just come from Cambridge



Miss Rosamond Hambro, niece of Lord Beaton, and Mr. Jeremy Edwards, grandson of Viscount Falkland

Mr. Nigel Gardner and Miss Jane Moor. Mr. Gardner is at Lloyd's



A. V. Swæbe

STOKES JOKES

-2



Fly-it-yourself to the Deauville Air Rally



Desmond O'Neill

Members of the Royal Aero Club and the Aero Club de France flew to Deauville for their annual rally. Above: Miss Hilary Laing, Mr. J. Houlder, Miss Eileen Lees and Mr. Tony Everard



Mr. G. F.W. Gunton (he farms at Brancaster in Norfolk) with his wife. About 80 light aircraft from Britain and France took part in the rally despite thick haze, which prevented some aircraft from arriving

Drinks at the airport for Mrs. Kenneth Davies (her husband is a vice-president of the Royal Aero Club), Miss Elaine Bailey and Mr. David D'Ambrumenil (he is at Lloyd's)

A golf contest was held between members of the British and French clubs. Below: The Hon. Mrs. A. V. Agar-Roberts defeated the Comtesse Henri de Gramont 4-2

There was a gala dinner in the Deauville Casino. Below: Mrs. G. Pelham-Reed, wife of Major G. Pelham-Reed, and Air Commodore C. E. S. Lockett, British Air Attaché in Paris





The Montmartre village

*Great Bardfield, in
Essex, is the
home of a thriving
colony of artists.*

*Their summer
show is now on*

NEAR BRAINTREE in Essex is the picturesque village of Great Bardfield. It has a huge green, and its houses belong to periods ranging from early Tudor times to the present. It has a population of about 900, of which no fewer than 10 permanent residents are distinguished artists.

This week Great Bardfield is holding a summer art exhibition. It is unique in that it presents the works of the artists in the background of their own homes. Seven artists have opened their houses to the public, and their contemporary works are hung in the ordinary living-rooms. Visitors are able to discuss the exhibits with the artists.

The Great Bardfield group of artists say that they sell far more of their works in these intimate exhibitions than in commercial art galleries in cities and towns. Their idea, however, is not a new one. A century ago most painters showed their works at home in similar fashion.

The houses open to visitors are Edward Bawden's Brick House (he is an R.A.), The Place, belonging to John Aldridge, A.R.A., Audrey Cruddas's Wolton House, S. Clifford-Smith (The Old Bakehouse), Sheila Robinson (Cage Cottage) and Michael Rothenstein, Sir John's brother (Colour Print Workshop). George Chapman's Crown House is showing works by Walter Hoyle and Laurence Searfe (1958 guest artist) as well as his own.

Among the works on show are landscapes by Aldridge, Bawden's water-colours of Cornwall, scenery and costume designs for Stratford by Audrey Cruddas, prints of marine subjects in Brittany by Rothenstein, and contrasting landscapes of Ireland and Italy by Clifford-Smith.

The last exhibition two years ago was attended by nearly 10,000 people. This year the group expects twice as many.



MICHAEL ROTHENSTEIN, brother of the Keeper of the Tate, is known for his colour prints, which he has exhibited all over the world. He also writes on art.



EDWARD BAWDEN, C.B.E., has lived in the village since 1932. He is a Royal Designer for Industry (wallpapers, textiles, &c.) and has an international reputation as an illustrator



S. CLIFFORD-SMITH started to read medicine, but gave this up to be a freelance designer. He is influenced by pre-Renaissance art. He is the hon. secretary of the Great Bardfield group



AUDREY CRUDDAS, from South Africa, turned from painting to theatrical design. She has done sets and costumes for all types of production, including opera



WALTER HOYLE studied at the Royal College of Art. He has painted murals for the Natural History Museum in Kensington. He has also restored the painted dome of Wren's St. Mary's Abchurch, in London



SHEILA ROBINSON has a mural at the Brussels Exhibition. She is a poster-artist for London Transport and designs Schweppes advertisements

A REPORT ON THE ROYAL VISIT TO SCOTLAND BY ALEXANDER SELDON

The last of Scotland's last débutantes to be presented at court make their curtseys at Holyroodhouse



Arrows protrude from the belts of the bodyguard of the Royal Company of Archers during the Queen's visit to Falkland Palace

THE LAST of the last Presentation Parties was held at Holyroodhouse, Edinburgh, during the Queen's visit to Scotland. The Queen wore a full-skirted dress of primrose yellow lace with a matching hat of fine straw, and her jewels included a diamond brooch and four strands of pearls. About 600 guests made their curtseys in the thirne room, where the Duchess of Devonshire, the Countess of Errol, and Mrs. Alexander Abel Smith were in attendance, and the names were called by the Lord Chamberlain as the débutantes filed past.

Blue was the predominant colour of the ladies' dresses. Among the gathering having tea in the Long Room afterwards were the Duchess of Hamilton (wearing turquoise blue with a matching turban hat), the Marchioness of Tweeddale (in a pale blue silk dress), the Countess of Minto (in delphinium blue), and the Countess of Haddington (in grey chiffon over pink taffeta with a black picture hat trimmed with deep pink roses). The Countess of Errol, who is hereditary High Constable, wore a dress of navy-blue chiffon with a small gold straw hat. Lady Margaret Drummond Hay was

in navy-blue lace with a large navy hat.

The afternoon was sunny, and guests were able to walk in the Palace gardens. Among them were Viscountess Arbuthnott, the Hon. Lady Dorothy Cochrane, Lady Eliot of Stobs, the Hon. Mrs. David Balfour, the Hon. Lady MacGregor, Mrs. Maxtone Graham, the Minister of State & Lady Strathelyde, the Countess of Mansfield and Viscountess Stormont, Lady Fitzroy Maclean accompanied by her husband who is M.P. for Lancaster. Others were the Lord Justice Clerk & Lady Thomson, General & Mrs. Wimberley, Mrs. Robert Wolrige-Gordon, Lady Vivien Younger, Lady Colquhoun of Luss, who had come over from her house on the shores of Loch Lomond, and Mrs. Alastair Maclean, whose husband, Brigadier Maclean, is responsible for the Edinburgh Tattoo later in the summer.

Some of the most elegant débutantes included Miss Peta Perfect, Miss Rhona Kittermaster, Miss Sarah Anderson, Miss Robina Dallmeyer, Miss Seonaid Walker, Miss Jessica Rainsford-Hannay, Miss Caroline Gardner-Smith and Miss Deirdre McCrostie. The very last débutante to be presented was Miss Fiona Macrae, who returned home from Paris just in time to achieve this distinction.

On the evening of the Presentation Party many went to the British Legion Ball in the Assembly Rooms. Here the décor was elegant, much to the credit of the committee, whose members included Viscountess Melgund, the Hon. Mrs. David Balfour, and Miss Jean Maxwell-Scott, with the Countess Haig as chairman. Others went to Hopetown House where the white-and-gold ballroom made a noble setting for the joint ball given by the English-Speaking Union and the Linlithgow & Stirling Hunt. Lord & Lady Clydesmuir and Mr. & Mrs. Guy Robertson-Durham were among the guests. On the Friday evening a large gathering attended the Victoria League Ball. The Marchioness of Tweeddale was chairman, and Lord Glentanar, the Countess of Dundee, and the Countess of Galloway brought parties. Also present were the Countess of Errol and

her husband Sir Iain Moncreiffe, Major David Gaunt from Yorkshire, and Miss Rhona Stewart-Clark.

The garden party at Holyroodhouse provided a fitting climax in dazzling "Queen's weather." As Her Majesty, wearing a pale turquoise shantung dress and matching hat, and Prince Philip, each surrounded by a phalanx of the Royal Company of Archers walked through the grounds, many presentations were made. I saw the Queen talking to the Earl & Countess of Dalkeith, who looked charming in a pale pink trapeze dress, Lady Marjorie Dalrymple, Sir Robert MacConochie, and General Sir John Laurie. Others in the company included the Earl & Countess of Strathmore, Dame Katherine Elliott, Sir Alick Buchanan-Smith, and Sheriff Kydd with his pretty wife, who wore a silk black-and-white checked dress and short jacket, General Sir Richard & Lady O'Connor had come from Ross-shire, and Colonel & Mrs. Robert Neilson from remote Sutherland. Also present: Lord & Lady Clyde, Lord & Lady Cameron, Mr. & Mrs. Donald Cameron of Lochiel, Sir John & Lady Ure Primrose,



Miss Elizabeth Elin (19), a débutante, was presented by Mrs. David Orr-Ewing. This picture was taken a few days earlier at the Anglo-American ball



The Earl & Countess of Strathmore (she was a nurse before their marriage last month) were at the garden party



Miss Fiona Macrae, aged 17, was the very first of the Scottish debutantes presented. Her parents are Mr. & Mrs. K. Macrae, Edinburgh



Miss Joanna Gourlay (18), wore a turquoise shantung dress for her presentation. She is the daughter of Mrs. G. B. Gourlay, of Glenfarg, Perthshire

THE TATLER
& Bystander
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Miss Patricia Wightman (18) wore a tulip-line dress of printed silk in blue, green and cream. She is the elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. H. F. Wightman, Glenfarg, Perthshire



Guests form a ring round the Queen & Prince Philip during the garden party in the grounds of Holyroodhouse

Major & Mrs. Patrick Telfer-Smollett, Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Alastair Balfour of Dawyck, Sir Stewart & Miss Norina Stewart-Clark, Lady Sunena Gunewatdene from Ceylon, wife of the Ambassador-elect to St. James's, and Mr. & Mrs. Michael Monteith.

Earlier during the Royal visit the Queen & Prince Philip toured the ancient kingdom of Fife. They landed from the Royal yacht at Rosyth. The Queen wore a close-fitting hyacinth-blue silk brocade coat with matching velvet collar and a close-fitting blue hat trimmed with white feathers.

A colourful event, of medieval character, was a visit to the Royal Palace of Falkland where the Queen was received by the Keeper, Major Michael Crichton-Stuart. A guard of honour provided by the First Battalion, Scots Guards, recalled the regiment's earlier connection with Falkland, and a masque was performed by students from St. Andrew's

University. Before leaving the Queen visited the real tennis court (the only one in Scotland) built by James V in 1539, and watched a game played by Mr. Alexander Stewart and Mr. Nigel Buchanan. Among those presented at Falkland were the Earl of Wemyss (chairman of the National Trust for Scotland and Deputy Keeper of the Palace), Sir John & Lady Gilmour, Brigadier & Mrs. Black, and Sir James & Lady Henderson-Stewart.

The Queen and Prince Philip also visited the Royal Scottish Academy. There, in Playfair's noble building at the foot of The Mound, Sir William Hutchison, the president of the Academy, accompanied the Royal couple round the Summer Exhibition. Prince Philip inspected the portrait of

himself which Sir William has painted for the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh. The presentations included Mr. William MacTaggart, R.S.A., & Mrs. MacTaggart, Mr. W. H. Kininmonth, R.S.A., and Mr. Stanley Cursiter, R.S.A., who is the Queen's Painter and Limner in Scotland.

In Edinburgh the Queen held a Thistle Service and installed Lord Kinnaird and Lord Rowallan as new members of Scotland's Order of Chivalry. The Queen wore her Thistle robe of green velvet lined with taffeta, and the gold collar and other Thistle insignia with the white-plumed hat of black velour.

She was received at St. Giles' Cathedral by the Earl of Airliie, the Chancellor of the Order, and Dr. Charles Warr, the Dean of the Thistle. Her train was carried by Mark Tennant, the son of Lt.-Col. & Lady Margaret Tennant, and a grandson of Lord Airliie.



THE
TATLER

At the Henley Royal

(where the rain held off for the first time)

Mr. R. J. Warren, of the Corpus Christi (Cambridge) crew, with Miss Barbara Edwards, who is at Radcliffe in the U.S.A.



Mr. Alan Adams, Mr. Robin Gibbs, Mr. Tony Gibbs, Miss Rachel Chandler and Mr. Denis Adams. They saw the racing from a cabin cruiser

Miss Joanna Mead, a secretary, and Mr. Shaun Saville Peck, a member of an Emmanuel (Cambridge) crew



Miss Adrienne Picton (a secretary), Mr. Bob Newland, who works for the Herts C.C., and Mr. Alan Forward (he is on leave from his job in Uganda)

Miss Elizabeth Mullins, a student, and Mr. J. D. Tyrwhitt-Drake, an architect



Mr. Donald Templeman, Jeaffreson and her husband, physicist. They watched the racing

Mr. Roger Ker and Mr. John N. at Radley College



Regatta

(1 day)



a company director, Miss Hazel
Mr. Malcolm Templeton, a geo-
from the Phyllis Court Club's stand

Chamberlain (both are
Miss Elizabeth Cocke



Mrs. G. Salmon, Mrs. A. Slater, Mr. G. Salmon, Mr. A. Slater and Mr. Julian Larby on board
their cabin cruiser. On the river, rowing up to the start for the Grand Challenge Cup, is the
Australian Leickhardt crew

Desmond O'Neill

Miss Gay Mendoza, a secretary, and her fiancé, Mr.
C. S. Ogg, a senior student at Guy's Hospital



Colonel & Mrs. Basil Ware. He is the secretary of the
Phyllis Court Club



THEATRE

This revival is better than most new plays

by ANTHONY COOKMAN

IT MAY have been as a small boy that Mr. Peter Saunders saw *The Trial Of Mary Dugan*, thought it the most wonderful play ever written, and made up his mind that if he became a successful impresario he would revive it. Anyway, he has done so, and done so in style at the Savoy Theatre, with Mr. Wallace Douglas holding a good company to the large loose rhythm which allows the intermittent bursts of machine gun question and answer to make their maximum effect.

There is, of course, considerable risk in remaining faithful to the theatrical impression of thirty years ago. Surprises that could be counted on when they were new have become common stage property over the years; and Mary Dugan has been tried in two films and again in recent months on B.B.C. television. On the other hand, the play happens to be extremely well constructed, and there is no better preservative than good story-telling. Whether or not we come to it fresh, we can still be held by the skill and confidence with which the case against the woman accused of murdering a married lover is first given overwhelming strength, and then excitingly wrecked on a small but conclusive fact.

Mr. Bayard Veiller was the first playwright effectively to apply to American court drama the device that Reinhardt invented in *The Miracle* and the Guitrys developed in *Pasteur*. He converted the

whole theatre into a supreme court in the county of New York and invited the actual public to pretend that they were an imaginary public taking part in the play as jurors. The curtain is never raised on the play. As soon as we get into the theatre we are free to watch the court cleaners at work, while an indolent policeman puts up his feet on the district attorney's desk and gets on with the morning paper. This kind of realism is a startling innovation no longer, but every care has been taken to see that it works properly in the present revival; and the old gentleman who in one of the intervals brings his lunch into the empty court room and has a drink from the judge's glass of water is now, as he was in 1928, one of the evening's highlights.

The new Mary Dugan is Miss Betsy Blair, and the only possible fault that can be found with the performance is that she is a little too sure that her innocence will be proved. Mr. Villier is so anxious that we, as jurors, should feel the jeopardy in which Mary stands that he precedes her trial with a brief scene showing the effect on a woman of hearing that she has been condemned to the electric chair. Miss Blair's charming self-possession wastes the effect of this scene, but when she goes into the witness box to describe her early struggles to educate a young brother by selling her beauty to rich men, her performance comes movingly to

Fredric Milstein as a lawyer who takes life with deep seriousness



life. She is especially moving in her attempts to explain to the court that the only morality she has ever had the chance to learn is one in which the end justifies the means.

The good end is for her, the lawyer called on at short notice to defend the sister whose immoral earnings have made possible his professional respectability. As this lawyer, Mr. David Knight gives an extremely well calculated performance. He makes us feel the young man's initial want of confidence as he probes desperately for a weakness in evidence brought forward by the prosecution, and as he finds, or thinks he may have found, the weak spot his forensic authority can almost be seen to grow. Miss Patricia Burke has an important part as the murdered man's widow and handles it strongly. Mr. Cec Linden gives a lively account of one of those histrionic prosecuting American attorneys who surprises us when he finds occasion to remark that he has no personal animosity against the prisoner, and is genuinely concerned that absolute justice shall be done. There is plenty of light relief, and Miss Ina De la Haye and Miss Sheena Marshe both enjoy themselves in the witness box, and Mr. Douglas is particularly successful in seeing that when legal evidence has to be given, the experts show plenty of character. As one who did not come fresh to the play, I can swear on oath that it gave me a thoroughly good evening's entertainment.



A FIGHT FOR LIFE. A tremendous struggle for the wrongly accused Mary Dugan (Betsy Blair) is put up by her advocate Jimmy (David Knight, left). He is as convinced of her innocence

as is District-Attorney Galwey (Cec Linden) that she should go to the electric chair. Judge Nash (Robert Henderson), trying the case, personifies justice with its eyes wide open

Coming to the West End

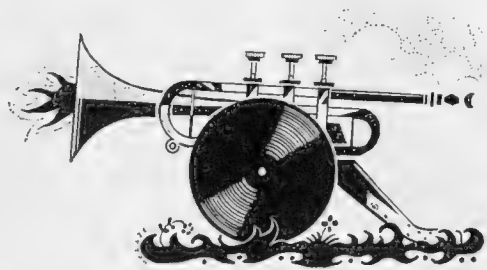
Elizabeth (The Pajama Game) Seal stars in Irma-La-Douce, a long-running Paris musical which opened successfully in Bournemouth and comes to London later

Beryl Grey, not seen in London since 1957, is the Festival Ballet's guest prima ballerina this month. She was the first Briton to dance with the Bolshoi in Russia



Reginald Eyre





RECORDS

One hearing is not enough

by GERALD LASCELLES

A HIGHLY controversial record has just appeared from the hands of the eccentric Thelonious Monk, *avant-garde* pianist of the modern school of jazz. My critical colleagues have gone to town on this piece in diverse manner. I venture to suggest that it is a deeper insight into a man's mind than most of the records of which I write in this column. The 38-year-old pianist is caught in complete oblivion, as one might hear someone in the throes of practising. He is no great technician, and the simplicity of his performance is extended by his imagination to embrace the more subtle side of jazz improvisation. This is essentially moving music, which cannot be absorbed or appreciated at one hearing.

After these excursions Benny Goodman's near-vintage sextet, recorded in 1945, provides straightforward but exciting music on a Fontana L.P. certain to bring everyone down to earth. Vibraphonist Red Norvo, well featured with Goodman, provides a link with a contemporary performance by the Jazzpickers, a chamber-music group of tenacious respectability, lead by 'cellist Harry Babasin. Only Norvo achieves anything approaching a swinging line, and even his style is severely cramped by the precious surroundings.

On the credit side I put Red Garland's piano trio on Esquire, which displays to the best advantage bass-playing by Paul Chambers. Mr. Garland grew up with the hard bop school in company with trumpeter Miles Davis. He swings happily in fast numbers, but shows little form on the slower type of piece. The same could be said of Bobby Scott, young pianist of the Gene Krupa Quartet. The veteran drummer makes a tasteful ground while Scott and saxophonist Eddie Shu play tricks with standards on Columbia L.P.

Back in 1910 in New Orleans a boy in his early 'teens used to sit on the back of the parading band wagons, blowing his trombone over the tailgate. Today that boy, Kid Ory, is the crowned king of "tailgate" trombonists at a youthful 60. Not content with his hometown recognition, he brought a typical New Orleans band to Europe two years ago and took everyone by storm. Even a notoriously unpredictable Paris audience rose in acclamation after his concert at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées, where this record was made. What modern jazz lacks in direct attack and simple statement is more than compensated by this forthright expression of *joie de vivre*. Anyone who seeks foot-tapping entertainment of the highest order cannot fail to derive pleasure from these tracks, which represent the best in traditional jazz today.

As a complete antidote to this music, Disneyana is offered by Pye in the shape of sound track recordings of "Snow White" and "Pinocchio," ideal for those whose children insist on sharing the joys of the parental gramophone.

Selected Records

THELONIOUS MONK	"Thelonious Himself"	London LTZ-U15120
	12-in. L.P. £1 17s. 6½d.	
KID ORY	"Kid Ory in Europe"	Columbia 33CX10116
	12-in. L.P. £2 1s. 8½d.	
RED GARLAND	"A Garland Of Red"	Esquire 32-046
	12-in. L.P. £1 19s. 7½d.	
AL SEARS ALL STARS		Parlophone GEP 8681
	E.P. 11s. 1½d.	
NAT "KING" COLE	"Songs from 'St. Louis Blues'"	
	12-in. L.P. £1 19s. 7½d.	Capitol LCT 6158
LOUIS ARMSTRONG	"Satchmo Sings"	Brunswick LAT 8243
	12-in. L.P. £1 17s. 6½d.	



RELUCTANT DÉBUTANTE.—This is the latest film to team Rex (Professor Higgins) Harrison and Kay Kendall. They play the parents of Sandra Dee, the débutante. This was a successful West End play

Laughter in waiting

RELUCTANT SCHOOLTEACHER.—This is the rôle played by Danny Kaye in Merry Andrew. He escapes to join a circus and finds romance with Pier Angeli. The film has its charity première next week



A Night To Remember tells the story of the sinking of R.M.S. Titanic. Right: Kenneth More tries to get some of the women passengers into the lifeboats

CINEMA

by ELSPETH GRANT



The Titanic sinks—and you are there

THE STRANGE and terrible story of the Titanic disaster still grips, chills and mystifies, though it is 46 years since "the greatest liner in the world," on her maiden voyage to New York, struck an iceberg and was lost—with fifteen hundred and two souls.

Night To Remember, excellently directed by Mr. Roy Baker, is based on Mr. Walter Lord's enthralling book of the same title—a detailed and carefully documented work, the fruit of twenty years' research. We shall never know *why* the tragedy happened but the film gives an agonizingly vivid account of *how* it happened.

It is the bitter cold night of April 11, 1912. The "unsinkable" Titanic, five days out of Southampton, is speeding through the North Atlantic—her staterooms packed with the rich and fashionable of two continents, her steerage crammed with emigrants from all over Europe. The harassed radio-officer, snowed under with messages from and to the luxury passengers, overlooks an ice warning. From the crow's nest the look-out shouts "Iceberg dead ahead." The ship veers to avoid it. There is a dull, grinding noise—300 feet of the ship's side have been ripped away below water-level.

The engines are stopped. Incredibly, nobody aboard is seriously disturbed: the Titanic *cannot* sink. Her builder, Thomas Andrews (Mr. Michael Goodliffe), investigates the damage: with awful calm he tells her captain (Mr. Laurence Naismith) that she cannot last for more than two hours at the most. Second Officer Lightoller (Mr. Kenneth More) is ordered to have the lifeboats made ready. Stewards, soothing as nannies, rouse the first- and second-class passengers and shepherd them to the boat deck: the steerage passengers are merely told to get up and dress.

Frantic SOS signals go out from the Titanic. A freighter, the California, is only ten miles away—actually in sight of the doomed liner—but she makes no response: her radio officer has gone off duty. Distress rockets fired by the Titanic are assumed by the California's captain to be some kind of

company signal and are ignored. "God help you!" says the Titanic's captain, staring at her incredulously through the dark.

Women and children, weeping and protesting, are parted from the husbands and fathers they will never see again and put into the lifeboats—of which there are only enough to take half the number of people aboard. There is as yet no panic—but the steerage passengers, barred from access to the boat deck by steel gates, are terrified as the ship begins to go down at the head: they force the barriers and rush the last of the lifeboats. A few, pitifully few, of them are taken off.

Meantime, the liner Carpathia, 58 miles away, has received the SOS and is steaming to the rescue. The Titanic is sinking fast now, her stern rising steeply clear out of the water. Men scramble and fight for a foothold on the sloping decks: it is every man for himself and no one wants to die. Suddenly the ship takes on a perpendicular position, plunges down and is gone: the black sea boils white as it closes over her. Two hours later the Carpathia arrives to pick up the 705 survivors.

Technically, this is a magnificent piece of film making: never before, I think, has a shipwreck been so realistically presented on the screen. Mr. Baker has a fine eye for the minute incident that contributes tellingly to the mounting drama: as the ship lists, a rocking-horse caracoles through the luxury nursery—alone in the smoking-room Thomas Andrews listens to the dreadful groaning of the timbers, the ship's death rattle, as he awaits the end.

From so vast and splendid a cast it is difficult to single out individual players for special mention but the performances of Mr. More as the efficient second officer, Mr. Naismith as the captain, Mr. George Merivale as a father bidding his little son goodbye, and Mr. Frank Lawton as the bewildered and distraught chairman of the shipping line, are among the most memorable.

An eerie footnote to the tragedy is supplied by Mr. Lord's book. In 1898, 14 years before the Titanic was built, a struggling author,

Mr. Morgan Robertson, wrote a novel about a gigantic Atlantic liner, the like of which, for size and luxury, had never been seen. He loaded her with rich and complacent people, all confident that she was unsinkable—and then wrecked her on an iceberg, one cold, dark April night. He called her the Titan.

In *The Whole Truth*, a would-be thriller directed by Mr. John Guillermin, a temperamental film-star, Signorina Gianna Maria Canale, is murdered. Her husband, that smooth Mr. George Sanders, throws suspicion upon her producer, Mr. Stewart Granger, who has been at some pains to conceal from his wife, Miss Donna Reed, the fact that he had a brief affair with the late unlamented.

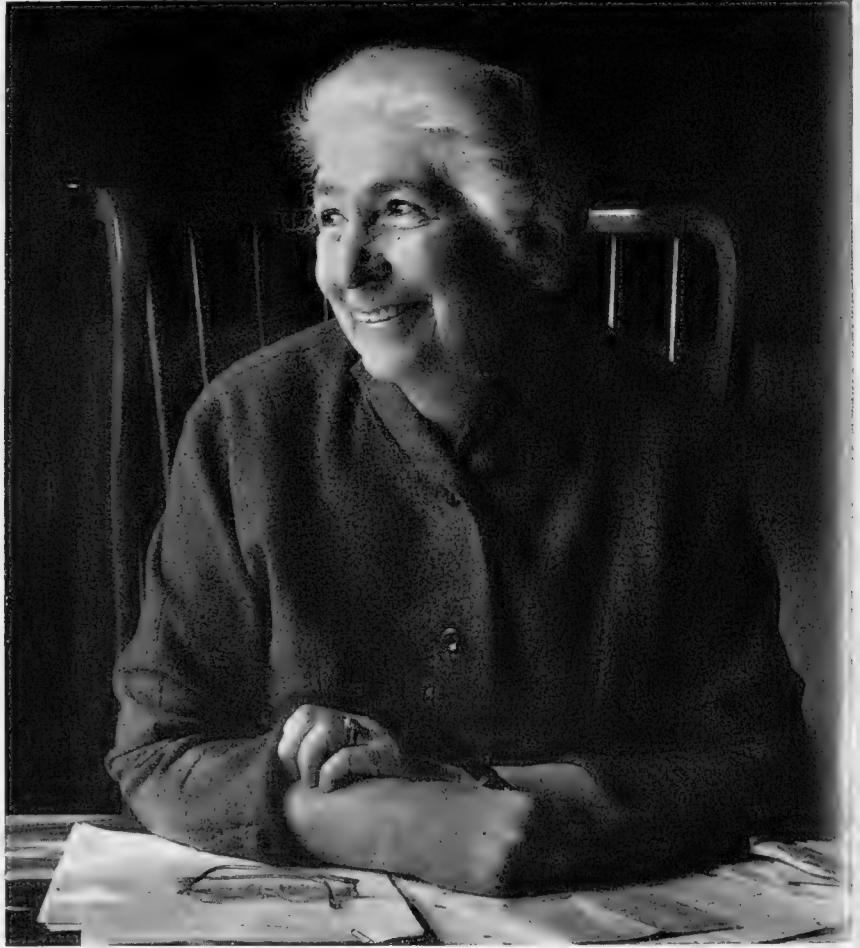
I didn't for a moment believe Mr. Granger guilty. After all, as he argues testily, what film producer in his right mind would bump off his star in the middle of an expensive film? If you don't guess three minutes after the murder "who-dun-it," you are far less bright than I thought you were. Mr. Granger, greying but still agile, and Mr. Sanders, wrapping his lips lovingly round the best of some pretty mediocre dialogue, are both better than the film—which has a curiously old-fashioned look and no regard at all for probability.

In *A Question Of Adultery*, indifferently directed by Mr. Don Chaffey, an attempt is made to cash in on the recent uproar about the rights and wrongs of artificial insemination. It gets nowhere. Mr. Anthony Steel, a boorish and insanely jealous racing-car driver, is injured and rendered impotent in a crash, just after his wife, Miss Julie London, has told him she is to have a baby—a piece of news which he receives with a nasty snarl of "Ours, I hope?"

As Miss London, injured in the same crash, loses her baby, Mr. Steel agrees to let her have another by artificial insemination. No sooner is she pregnant than Mr. Steel changes his mind and brings an action for divorce on the grounds of adultery. Before a verdict can be reached, Mr. Steel, vacillating like a metronome, asks that the case be abandoned. An "X" Certificate prevents the very young from wasting their money on this shoddy little picture which has nothing worth while to offer except a rolling Welsh flood of rhetoric from Mr. Donald Houston, as counsel for the defence.

THEIR BOOKS WERE FILMED

Two women authors successful in selling their books to the screen are Rumer Godden (left) and Phyllis Bottome (right). Rumer Godden's *Black Narcissus* and *The River* were both filmed. Now she has written *The Greengage Summer*, coming out this month (Macmillan). Phyllis Bottome, whose *Heart Of A Child* was made into a film, has revised her book (Faber)



Mark Gerson
H. E. BATES, whose latest novel, *The Darling Buds of May*, is reviewed this week. "A jolly romp," Miss Hugh-Jones calls it

BOOKS I AM READING

The hawk that got away **AND OTHER FAUNA**

by SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

LOREN EISELEY is head of the Department of Anthropology at the University of Pennsylvania, and also holds the rather splendid and haunting title of Curator of Early Man in the University Museum. In *The Immense Journey* (Gollancz, 16s.) he writes with clarity, simplicity and serenity of the nature of man, the nature of life, and the nature of the world—"This curious landscape of fiddling crickets, song sparrows, and wondering men." He doesn't stun you with his knowledge nor embarrass you with golden visions of the good, the true and the beautiful. He is amazed by things as they are, and the happiness and amazement he gets from life is communicated. This is a rum, endearing, and truly beautiful book, startling in its absolute directness. It is also full of odd information, such as the account of the mud-

skipper *Periophthalmus*, that climbs trees with its fins. Dr. Eiseley is full of hope and goodwill, not idle but backed by wisdom. His chapter on the release of a captive hawk is the strangest and most memorable isolated incident in all the books I have read this week.

He sounds like a balanced man, a man whose thinking and feeling operate together, a man full of curiosity and humility. He says he is now middle-aged, but this is anything but a middle-aged book.

The Darling Buds of May (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.) is Mr. H. E. Bates's 18th novel, a jolly romp about Pop Larkin, who loves life and food and sex and his family, finds nothing to worry about, never fills in his income-tax returns, and drives a Rolls and a gentian-blue truck. Ma Larkin is fat and wears transparent nylon nightgowns; and all the

Larkin family, no less inhibited than their parents, like to eat hugely and watch the television and enjoy life to the full. The nightingales sing, the strawberries are bursting out all over, the children are called Zinnia, Petunia, Primrose, Victoria, Montgomery and Mariette (she marries a defenceless young man from the Inland Revenue), and Pop says, "Perfick."

Virginia Rowan's *House Party* (Muller, 15s.) is also a jolly romp about a great American house and a rich American family, both now decaying and badly in need of money. It is slight (but not short) and light and written for no purpose but to entertain. The house-party meets, all the couples are more satisfactorily reshuffled, and that's really all—but the pace and the gaiety are effortlessly maintained, even if it does all fizz and bubble a trifle too long.

The Incurable Wound (Gollancz, 15s.) is by Martin Roueché who writes for *The New Yorker*, and whose previous book, *Annals of Medical Detection*, seems to have stirred everybody to a fever of excitement. Admittedly I couldn't stop reading *The Incurable Wound*, and by the end I was in a profound state of anxiety about what might so easily happen were I to be bitten by a bat with rabies, eat a trifle too much aspirin or 'tisone, or clean my carpet with a gallon of bon tetrachloride. This merry stuff is not the thing for us all, in our present acute nervousness and despondency induced by reading the popular and ubiquitous medical columns in the newspapers (every week I develop several new stress symptoms to replace last month's). Anybody who still thinks England's quarantine laws are beastly to the poor little doggies behind the wire ought to read Mr. Roueché on rabies. This book also has one of the most memorable chapter-headings I have ever seen. Direct, cluttered and to the point, it simply reads: "CH₃ CO₂ C₆H₄ CO₂ H".

I've also been reading: *An Age of Fiction; The French Novel from Gide to Camus* (Chatto and Windus, 25s.) by Gormaine Brée and Margaret Guiton, which covers an enormous field with clarity and authority, dealing not only in detail with specific novels but also relating the writers to the climate of their time. . . . *View to the Southeast* (Gollancz, 16s.), a series of travel articles on Southeast Asia, originally published in an American magazine by the Indian writer Santha Rama Rau. Her last book was an extraordinarily good novel, *Remember the House*, and after this the present book seems a little thin and cramped—but this is the danger of reprinting articles, written to a specific length and for a specific audience, in book form. . . . *First Love and Other Sorrows* (Hamish Hamilton, 12s. 6d.) by Harold Brodkey, a collection of *New Yorker* short stories which are often very funny in a mildly dislocated sort of way, particularly good on the more-or-less mixed-up young, and all read as though they belong in the hinterland between fiction and autobiography. They slip down without the least pain in the world. . . . And J. D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye*, now reprinted in a Penguin edition, the most bizarre, adorable, funny, marvellous novel, the book that bites you like a rare and incurable virus, the true authentic sound of our time, the small masterpiece of the age.



Anthony Buckley

Miss Charlotte Elizabeth Neave
to

Mr. Francis Robert Baden-Powell

She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Digby Neave, Loddon Court, Spencer's Pond, Reading. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. D. F. W. Baden-Powell, Stone End, Hinksey Hill, Oxford



Miss Jacqueline Ann Lord to
Mr. G. W. Jensen

She is the daughter of Mr. Cyril Lord, the textile manufacturer, & Mrs. Lord, Harley Street, London. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. William Jensen, Newman, California



Miss Anthea Fairfax-Ross
to Mr. Adrian John Martin Secker

She is the daughter of Brigadier & the late Mrs. Thomas Fairfax-Ross, Hanlye, Cuckfield, Sussex, and is assistant Press secretary at Buckingham Palace. He is the only son of Mr. M. Secker, Brigefoot, Iver, and of Mme. Catherine Lovioz, S. Legier, Vevey



Norton-Pratt

Miss Patricia Mary Anne Johnston
to Captain Michael David Blacklock

She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Gavin Johnston, Upper Nisbet, Jedburgh. He is the son of Captain R. W. Blacklock, R.N. (retd.) & Mrs. Blacklock, Midhurst



Lenore

Miss Elizabeth Joan Roys-Warner to
Mr. Geoffrey Marsden

She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. R. Roys-Warner, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. I. Marsden, Ossett, Yorkshire

Does your

WHAT'S MISSING in the picture of the elegant woman on the left? The accessories that make all the difference to a perfect ensemble. In the picture on the right there she is again, shown with matching etcetera and jewellery. Unlike her, many women destroy their pretensions to *chic* by overlooking such details as matching metals: the *objets* that go inside their handbags. Could *your* handbag really stand inspection?

Below, left: For the ultimate touches of elegance, Cartier's cigarette case in 18 ct. gold, engine-turned, with transparent cover of Lucite encrusted with a flower motif of rubies, sapphires and diamonds. The bracelet is 18 ct. gold-mesh studded with diamonds. And, to complete the picture, the 18 ct. gold ring is set with diamonds.

Below: From Garrard, Regent Street, a fine example of modern craftsmanship. A 9 ct. gold engine-turned cigarette case with diamonds and rubies. Its obvious companion, a gold cigarette-holder. And, to continue the theme, there is a bracelet of 9 ct. gold set with a flower cluster of precious stones. The ring, again matching gold, inset with turquoise and rubies.

About the dress: It is in white silk jersey with a deep gathered back and loosely fitted front. Worn with it is a hat of white silk petals. The simple *chic* of unrelieved white is emphasized and carried into the particular by the exquisite jewels. Dress from Woollands, Knightsbridge. Hat from Robert Carel, Grosvenor Street.



elegance stop short at your handbag?

The smartest women match their accessories with their jewels

Photographs by
Michel Molinari



For once, fashion is an ally of mothers-to-be

NOT FOR YEARS has fashion favoured the expectant mother as it does today. The chemise and the trapeze both lend speculation to the feminine form! Who shall now say whether a woman is expectant or not? On these pages and overleaf are some of the new clothes that enable the modern young woman to embark on maternity without taking leave of smartness



Michel Molinare

Above: There are many dresses to be seen around cut like this one. It is of white cotton sprigged with a flower pattern, and trimmed with an apricot bow at the neck. From Maternally Yours at 24 New Cavendish Street, W.1, price: 5 gns. The pram, a Silver Cross Pastoral, is white, painted with sprigs of flowers and with pale blue leather hood and lining. From Harrods.

Right: Mediterranean-blue sailcloth for a tunic top trimmed with white leather and worn with an adjustable skirt, by Modern Mother. There is also a pair of matching adjustable slacks which can be worn with the top. Obtainable also in turquoise and in orange from Treasure Cot at Daniel Neal's, Portman Square, and their other branches. Prices: The top, £2 15s.; the skirt, £2 7s. 6d.; the slacks, £2 19s. 6d.

Opposite page: The tunic line in a suit of pure silk beige shantung. The tunic is knife-pleated, the straight skirt specially cut to allow it to be adjusted to whatever measurements are required. From Du Barry, 68 Duke Street, W.1, and also Marshall & Snelgrove, Leeds, price: 9 gns.





Smartness as usual



Above: A navy-blue Acrilan-and-worsted dress with a small durably pleated hem. It is cut on the latest Paris lines. From Maternally Yours (price : 12½ gns.). This firm runs a successful postal service, and also specializes in tropical maternity wear



Michel Molinare

Left: Modern Mother, who design so much of today's maternity wear for the woman who is determined to carry on with a normal life, advocate this jerkin in black-and-white hound's-tooth check wool, to be worn with adjustable black velvet jeans. The jerkin costs £5 10s. ; the slacks, £4 10s. 6d. At Dickins & Jones, London, and David Evans, Swansea

Even for an evening out there are chic clothes for the expectant mother



Above: A black-and-white printed cotton mandarin jacket (price: 4½ gns.) by Maternally Yours, worn with a grey flannel Gor-ray maternity skirt which can be bought at Swan & Edgar, Piccadilly Circus (price : £3 2s. 6d.). A comprehensive service for expectant mothers is provided by Maternally Yours (of 24 New Cavendish Street, W.1.). It includes slips, briefs, bras, girdles and night-gowns &c., as well as all day clothes. Clients can visit the shop from time to time for alterations as required with no extra charge

Right: Evening clothes raise few problems for the expectant mother. This "blouson" top is of hand-painted Jacquard brocade, white with a silver rose design. Worn with an adjustable black velvet skirt. Both are made by Modern Mother. At Dickins & Jones, London, and David Evans, Swansea. Prices: £3 2s. 6d. and £4 14s. 6d. respectively. River pearls by Jewelfcraft



CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

Black and white

The combination that looks
right in every kind of weather

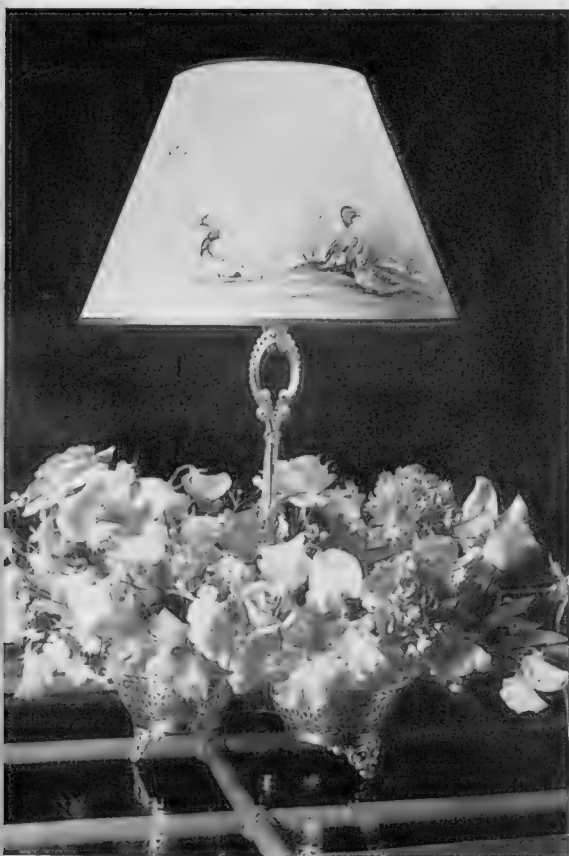


STILL to be found in the shops are two magpie dresses from California Cottons. They look cool when the sun shines and crisp when it's cloudy. One dress (*opposite*) is worn under a full, heavy, black poplin coat which buttons at the neck. It is full-skirted and sleeveless, in a black-and-white print, slotted with black ribbon at the neck and across the hips. Dress from D. H. Evans, W.1. Coat from 5th Avenue, Regent St., and both from Joan Barrie, Bolton. Both costing £4 19s. 6d. each. Hat by Ruby Carel.

The other dress is in a black-and-white shadow check. Full-skirted and worn with petticoats, it is caught to a narrow waist with a scarlet sash. At D. H. Evans, W.1, and Books, Sunderland. Price, £3 19s. 6d.

Photographs by
Peter Alexander





This flower light has glass bowls to hold the flowers (£10 10s.). The shade is decorated with ducks (£4 18s. 9d.) Harrods



The tulip bridge-lamp has a tall red Danish shade in washable cotton (the lamp, £8 8s.; the shade, £5 5s.). The cocktail trolley is easily pushed around out of doors (£10 10s.). Harrods



Chinese rayon gauze lanterns lend an Oriental air to an English garden (large size £3 3s., small size £1 10s.) Harrods

SHOPPING

by JEAN STEELE

Lighting-up time in the garden



Candles can be used for a romantic open-air dinner table if they are fitted in Swedish wind-lights (above). The shades are made in red, amber, blue or green (£2 7s. 6d.). Flower beds can be illuminated by the flower-shaped lights (right). The short tulip light can stand on a terrace. It costs £8 19s. 6d. The other tulip lights cost £8 12s. 6d. and £7 10s. 6d. and the water-lily light, £7 7s. From Harrods





Opalesque is a simple summer coiffure created by Steiner. There is only the suggestion of a parting and a fringe softens the high brow



John Cole

BEAUTY

Putting a shine on top

JEAN CLELAND

PEOPLE treat their hair very badly when they go on holiday," said a prominent hairdresser whom I visited recently on my way back through France. "You English are the worst offenders. You come from a cool climate to a hot one, and immediately go hatless in the baking sun. Then you wonder why your hair loses its sheen and becomes difficult to manage. You should take more care, not only while on holiday, but beforehand. A little concentrated treatment would make all the difference."

English hairdressers agreed with him. While most women spend considerable time and trouble on nourishing their skin at night, and protecting it during the day, few take the same pains with their hair. I asked the hairdressers for advice.

Xavier of Knightsbridge said: "Choose an easy-to-manage dressing for your holiday hairstyle, and have a really expert cut before you go to ensure a good shape. Then even wet hair will fall into the style again with merely a comb through. If you are lucky enough to have good weather, don't forget that sun and salt water combined can have a damaging effect on the hair which may take all the winter to put right. In strong sunshine avoid exposing your head for long periods to the drying sun rays. With a gay silk scarf or one of the Italian coolie straws, it is so simple to protect the hair in an attractive way. Ask a trichologist to make up a nourishing cream specially suited to your hair. This is quite inexpensive, and it is extremely important. As you cream your skin so you should feed your hair; it also needs nourishment. A little attention before you go bathing will save much irritation over an unmanageable perm in the evening.

For watertight protection, pin your curls into position and cover with a make-up band before putting on the bathing cap. When you return home, visit your hairdresser and ask for a conditioning treatment, or several if necessary."

Steiner of Grosvenor Street advised a short hairstyle for the summer, partly because it is easier to manage and to keep trim, and partly because when the hair is short, it is quicker and simpler to wash the hair through and keep the scalp fresh and clean. This he thinks, is enormously important, especially in summer when the head is apt to get hot and perspire. If when bathing seawater gets into the hair, it

should be rinsed out immediately. This again can be done more easily with a short style. To keep the hair in good condition during the summer and counteract the effects of sun and salt water, Steiner suggests using a biological cream shampoo. He is keen on the new wigs which he says are ideal for a holiday. If the hair gets out of shape when bathing—which is often the case—it can be covered in the evening with an attractive wig.

French of London stresses the importance of putting the health of the hair first and foremost. Often when a set that looks so good when you leave the hairdresser, fails to stay in, it is because the hair itself is below par. See to the health and the beauty will follow: moreover the set will remain in good shape much longer. To this end, French of London has just introduced a new hair conditioning cream which he calls *Bonne Idee*. Rich and nourishing, this not only feeds health into the hair, but strengthens and vitalizes it.

A *Bonne Idee* treatment can be given at home, which is particularly useful for those who live at a distance, or who are going on holiday, and may have to wash that salt right out of their hair. First shampoo the hair with one of the French of London shampoos (Lemon Cream for general use, Bonne Santé for anti-dandruff, or Plus Egg for poor condition). While the hair is still wet, apply *Bonne Idee*. Spread it all over the head, leave for a few minutes, and then massage briskly. Rinse the hair again to remove all surplus cream, then set with a little *Spray Set*. When the hair is dry, you will find that it is beautifully shining and silky. To give an added gleam, smooth on a touch of *First Choice* when brushing out



Bonne Idee is a new hair-conditioning cream made by French of London. It costs 3s. 7d a tube

MOTORING

Does racing speed progress?

THE CASE against racing rests largely on the great and obvious difference between racing single seaters and the cars the average man wants to buy. Even the sports cars which one sees in classic events are far removed from practical road vehicles. At Le Mans they have full width windscreens but the drivers look over them instead of through them and they have windscreen wipers but they are wired down so that they cannot be used even by accident. However, Mr. Heynes, Technical Director of Jaguar, had no difficulty in making out a case for racing in the motoring feature on the B.B.C.'s Third Programme recently. The eagerly awaited XK-55 Jaguar, production of which was halted by the fire at the works, was directly developed from the D-types which have performed so brilliantly at Le Mans and the introduction of disc brakes on both open models and saloons has been accelerated by the concentrated development work done during Jaguar's racing programme. This revealed defects in the original designs and made it necessary to find answers and prove them quickly, under the remorseless timetable racing imposes.

The question was raised again by that awe-inspiring demonstration of the two pre-war Grand Prix Mercedes at the Vintage Sports Car Club's meeting at Oulton Park, a couple of weeks ago. The difference in handling qualities between these two cars, the 645-h.p., 5.4-litre of 1937, which was the most powerful road-racing car ever built, and the 485-h.p., 3-litre of 1938 is extraordinary. They are only a year apart in time but they show the rapid progress in road-holding and controllability which occurs in the stress of international racing. The 1937 car is a real handful not only because of the fantastic surge of power that arrives abruptly at a certain point in the accelerator movement, but also because of its tricky handling, heavy steering and odd upright driving position with the

by GORDON WILKINS



Three years' work on racing-car springing led to the successes of this 1938-9 Mercedes-Benz 3-litre car. This was the model on which the late Richard Seaman won the German Grand Prix

steering-wheel close to the driver's chest.

The 1938 car is far easier to drive and shows the beginnings of the modern road-holding qualities which enable today's racing cars to put up such extraordinary performances on relatively little power. Of course, some of the big manufacturers of popular cars had independent suspension in production in America and in Europe before intensive development began on Grand Prix racing-cars. But it was Grand Prix racing which really demonstrated how independent suspension giving large wheel movements could be combined with first-class road holding. Up to that time designers of fast cars were still thinking in terms of reduced wheel movement, with stiff, spine-jarring springs for high-speed controllability.

The earlier school of design was represented at Oulton Park by the E.R.A.s, which have been beautifully preserved by some of the V.S.C.C. members. They were great cars in their time but they gave their drivers a rough ride and hopped about nervously showing daylight under their wheels at points where the wheels of the Mercedes remained glued to the ground.

Manufacturers of shock absorbers, tyres and other components learn a lot from racing, and the Porsche synchromesh—the most effective and powerful now in use—was developed for fast sports cars by a company that is very active in international racing.

But leaving aside the direct technical benefits, a well-run racing programme has a splendid moral effect within a company. It breeds resourceful, energetic engineers and mechanics who refuse to be bogged down by

paper work. The Mercedes racing department has been known to design, forge and machine a new crankshaft in a couple of weeks and Ferrari has built and raced V6 engines of four different sizes in ten months. Yet I know of one quality-car manufacturer with excellent resources who took about 18 months to get an anti-roll bar into production for his front suspension and has been toying with the problem of producing an engine a little larger than his present one for nearly five years.

Theoretically everything necessary can be achieved by calculations, laboratory tests and proving-ground investigations but a car is only as good as the people who pass the design for production. Even today, we who test cars for the press sometimes encounter surprising defects in new cars which suggest that the works testers, and the directors who authorized production, do not drive a sufficient variety of cars and have not kept their standards up to date. For economic and practical reasons it is not possible to endow production models with the road-holding, stability, steering and braking qualities or with the responsiveness to the controls and the inbuilt safety margins found on racing cars, but personnel who have had experience of racing cars and sports-racing machines will not cheerfully acquiesce in launching production models manifestly inferior by current standards. Nor will they accept an arrangement of controls and instruments that needlessly impedes the driver's control over his vehicle. Knowing the best that can be done, they are better able to judge the production compromise.

MORE ABOUT THOSE FUMES AND HOW TO CHECK THEM

THE MORE one looks into this question of where to put the exhaust on diesel vehicles, the more complex it appears. In the United States the exhaust is taken up to roof level and disperses in a long trail just like the plume from the funnel of a steamer. This is more satisfactory than the black cloud billowing back to earth on the French trucks I mentioned last week, but the results seem to depend on a variety of things—vehicle speed, exhaust temperature and climatic conditions. I gather passenger-transport operators are not keen on the use of upward exhausts as they would spray fumes into upper deck windows on double-decker buses.

A more urgent reform seems to be the ruthless suppression of smoky exhausts caused by ill-adjusted injectors or deliberate abuse

on the part of the driver. Apart from the dangers these black clouds create by obscuring vision, people in desperation try to overtake where there is little room to do so.

Effective action can only be taken when it is possible to stop an offending vehicle and measure how black the exhaust smoke is according to a standard scale. That day is not far off. At the M.I.R.A. laboratories the other day, I saw three smoke meters undergoing comparative tests; two work by passing the exhaust smoke through a filter paper and measuring pollution by the darkness of the stain it creates, the third passes the smoke into a tube down which an electric light is shining and records the density of the smoke electrically, according to the light readings shown by a photo-electric cell.



The Mercedes 300 SL roadster derives its exceptional riding stability and roadholding qualities from experience gained from racing cars. It will soon be available with the detachable hard top (above)

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For intending holidaymakers

in Norway here is

a report on where

to eat like Vikings!

DINING OUT

I visit Norway— for the eating

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF



WHEN I was invited to go "dining out" in Norway with André Simon as my companion, I was delighted. I know several people who are going there for their holidays this year and some of them had asked me if I knew what the food was like or the restaurants, if the Norwegians drank much wine and what sort, and many similar questions.

The dinner and attention we received on the Scandinavian Airlines plane sowed the seeds of enthusiasm for Norway. Our first night in Oslo was spent at the Continental Hotel where we dined with B. Norgrenn, of the Norway Travel Association, and Miss Vera Reff, who writes a snappy column under the name of "Veronica" for *Aftenposten*, one of Oslo's leading papers. Having had dinner on the plane, we had only one course at the hotel. André settled for filets of sole and I for a small roast ptarmigan, a bird which belongs to the grouse family. It was excellent.

I have just had Veronica's report of our visit translated. It appears that Isaac Bickerstaff "looks like a retired colonel from the Middle East."

Our first lunch was at the Viking Hotel, where the décor of the restaurant has been done by Paul Gauguin, grandson of the artist, and it is obvious that he has inherited some of his ancestor's skill. Greig-Martens, our host, has been managing director of the Viking since 1951 when it opened, and was formerly with Scandinavian Airlines. We started with the Norwegian spirit known as Aquavit, an excellent aperitif made from rectified potato spirit flavoured with seeds and spices, caraway being the predominant feature. Our first dish was described as Norwegian *hors d'oeuvres*. Two large model Viking ships were wheeled in, covered with an astonishing variety of fish cured, smoked and otherwise, including one called *Rake-Orret*, which means Rotten Trout. As André said—"it spoke for itself." This was followed by chicken *à la Viking*, the sauce containing brandy and truffles. Then came cheese *à la Maniere du Chef*, a successful mixture of Roquefort and cream served with grapes.

The wines were Château Lafite-Rothschild 1950 in magnums and Croft's Vintage Port 1945.

The wine lists in the first-class restaurants give a wide choice of quality and price. Champagne is expensive; a bottle of Lanson 1952 can cost you £4 5s., a Bollinger non-vintage £3 8s. A bottle of Sandeman's Three Star Sherry is £2 5s.

That night we dined at a bohemian establishment, the Restaurant Blom, with its proprietor Siegfried Stephenson. In the old days it was what the Café Royal used to

be, the haunt of poets, painters, composers and artists, and even today it is far more like an inn than an ordinary restaurant.

On the second day an astonishing affair took place. We were invited to lunch by La Société Extraordinaire "Les Amis du Vin au Petit Bacchus." This was held in a room in the cellars of the Regina Hotel in Oslo, used exclusively by this extraordinary society. Bacchus was represented in various forms in the murals round the walls, and the lights were clusters of glass grapes. The whole affair was great fun.

On arrival we were presented with a magnificent inscribed menu with a large seal and ribbon attached. Half-way through the meal, with due pomp and ceremony, they hung a gold and enamel star round André's neck and made him a Grand-Seigneur and at the end made me drink out of a golden wine mug and pinned a medal on my breast so I am now an Extraordinary Chevalier.

Another remarkable event took place in the evening. We had received an invitation to dinner from a well-known Norwegian ship-owner, Ragnar J. J. Halle, at his house in Holmenkollen, some miles out of Oslo.

How many people, I wonder, today could seat 24 people at one table in their private house? The ladies sat at the ends of each table and we were back in Edwardian days when the maids, wearing long black dresses, immaculate white aprons and high peaked white caps, appeared to commence serving. There was also one girl in national costume who served wine.

Next day we flew to Stavanger. Here we were met by Gunnar Syrrist, director of the Sola Strand Hotel which is on a "silver sand" sea shore, nine miles from Stavanger. It has a restaurant, a dining-room, grillroom and a bar; the main lounge is panelled from the timber from a British ship, the Mount Royal, wrecked off the coast many years before.

Here again we had a light, well-balanced meal of fine quality.

On our last night we slept at the Victoria Hotel at Stavanger which faces the quay so that you can watch the boats of every sort, in which Norway abounds, from your window. We dined, however, at the Atlantic Hotel with the director Rolf Ring, who was young and gay. This is the most modern hotel in Norway and faces a small lake and the town park.

Here is the last and the sixth gastronomic experience we had in Norway in three hectic days, dinner commencing at 8.30: *Filets de Carrelet Lucullus Atlantic*; *Tournedos Rossini Garniture Bouquetiere*; *Sauce Chasseur*, with Piesporter Goldfrecks 1955 and Château Cheval Blanc 1950, magnums.

One paper in Oslo had suggested that if we wanted to get a correct picture of the ordinary Norwegian way of cooking we should have come incognito. As far as I was concerned this was not the sort of picture for which I was looking. What I wanted to know was, if given the chance and the incentive, could the leading restaurants in Norway match the *cuisine* of any other country in Europe? My visit proved they certainly can.



SHIELDS of Knights of the Purple Nose hang round the walls of Oslo's bohemian Restaurant Blom, and the floor is dominated by the huge Artists' Punch Bowl



DINING IN

A new kick from cauliflower

by HELEN BURKE

As the open vegetable shops and stalls in my favourite London street markets have been full of beautiful, large, really white cauliflowers, it is a good moment to review the several ways one can use them, apart from the every-day method of cooking the whole cauliflower and coating it with a rich white sauce. This is excellent but, so often, the cauliflower is over-cooked, mainly because of its stalk.

Well, there is no need to serve the stalk. Better to leave it, slightly underdone, in the serving dish than to make a mush of the vegetable itself. A preferable method of cooking cauliflower is to cut off the florets and cook them and the tenderest of the green leaves, if liked, in boiling salted water with a little lemon juice in it (to keep the florets white). The stalk, peeled of its stringy surface, is deliciously nutty and should be cut into thin slices and cooked with the rest of the vegetable. From 8 to 10 minutes should be enough.

It is a good idea to cook the florets tied, Dick-Whittington fashion, in a piece of muslin so that there is the least likelihood of them being damaged when lifted from the water and well drained.

For serving the cauliflower, a shallow earthenware dish is ideal. Butter it well. Spread a layer of Mornay (cheese) sauce over the bottom. Lay the florets, flower side up, on the sauce and strew the green leaves and slices of stalk between them. Cover with more sauce and slip under a moderate grill until the surface is flecked with gold.

The fish can, first, be given a further coating of breadcrumbs and grated Parmesan or dry Cheddar cheese, half and half, and then browned as above. Finally, I like to shake a little paprika over the surface just for the look of it.

For Choux Fleur Polonoise for 4 to 5 people, trim a good-sized cauliflower. Cut off the stem close to the "flower," then cut a deep cross in the remaining stump. Have ready plenty of boiling salted water with a little lemon juice in it. Drop the cauliflower, head downward, into it and boil until it is fairly soft (20 to 30 minutes).

Meanwhile fry 1 to 2 tablespoons of fine breadcrumbs in 2 oz. butter. When they are a golden brown, stir them to break them up finely.

Place the drained cauliflower, flower uppermost, in a heated serving-dish. Sprinkle the buttered crumbs over it and strew on top the sieved yolk of a hard-boiled egg, mixed with a little chopped parsley.

The florets, tender leaves and sliced stalk can be presented in a similar way.

Or why not cook the leaves, stripped of their "ribs," separately, for a vegetable course?

Cauliflower Salad? Cut off the florets from a nice cauliflower and cook them as above, having them slightly under rather than too well done. Drain well and leave them to cool. Toss them in French dressing (3 parts olive oil to 1 part lemon juice or vinegar) and finally sprinkle paprika over them.

Folk who like grated raw carrot, beetroot, turnip, also like the raw white of cauliflower, cut across into coarse "crumbs," or picked off in little florets. Coat with a nicely mustarded French dressing. Here is a note on dressings, for the benefit of beginners: to make a well blended dressing—that is, one in which the oil and vinegar do not separate—start with a spot of French mustard or made mustard, a little salt and freshly milled pepper in a bowl. Work in a dessert-spoon or so of olive oil, drop by drop, then add a few drops of wine vinegar or lemon juice. Altogether, you require 3 to 4 times as much oil as vinegar, and if the mixture is slowly blended it will hold together.

An unusual garnish for cauliflower coated with Bechamel or Mornay sauce is a generous sprinkling of flaked browned almonds.

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